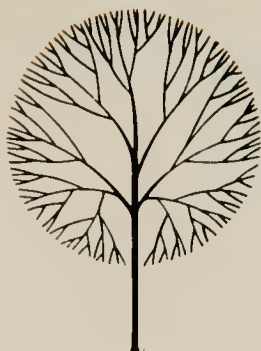






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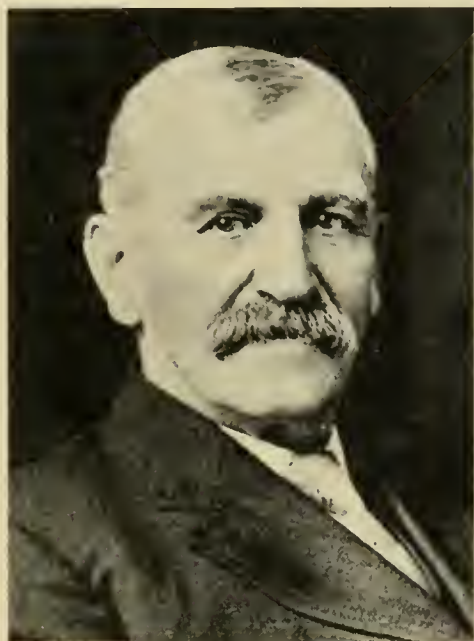
# The Family of

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SULTANA PRESS



# Rush S. and Jane E. Brown



## Their Ancestors and Decendants

*By Raymond R. Brown*

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FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA: 1971

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

## PREFACE

THE PURPOSE of this book is to sketch the lives of a few members of our family. Undoubtedly there are other incidents and events which might have been included. Perhaps this beginning will inspire some relative to write a more detailed family history. It is hoped that the descendants of the children of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown will write the story of their branches of the family.

Children will be born and the aged will die but the family will go on forever. Thousands of years from now our descendants will be living somewhere on this planet. It should be of interest to them to read about the lives of some of their ancestors.

It seems that ours was a closely-knit family because of the healthy environment maintained in the home by our Father and Mother. There were seven of us children — four boys and three girls. Although our homes and places of occupation kept us widely separated most of the time, there was always a warm feeling of affection, one for the other, down through the years. Attention was given continuously to the details which make a good family — congratulations for successes or achievements and sympathy for sorrows or bereavements. On birthdates and other special days such as Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter and Christmas, family members invariably remembered each other with cards, letters or gifts. This family spirit developed because of certain commendable traits which were found in all of the seven brothers and sisters. Each radiated kindness, tender-heartedness, thoughtfulness, consideration and a sympathetic understanding of the problems of the other.

Raymond R. Brown  
580 North Avenida Majorca  
Laguna Hills, California 92653

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*Thanks to my wife Dorothy  
who read the manuscript  
and made many helpful suggestions.*

*John Brown*  
*1763 - 1741*  
*Barrister*  
*(Attorney) in*  
*Leicester, Mass.*

*Mary Jones*  
*3 sons were in*  
*Battle of Bunker Hill -*  
*Perley, William, John*

PARLEY BROWN

Fought at Bunker Hill.  
Killed at Battle of White Plains,  
Revolutionary War, Oct. 28, 1776.

Wife's name has been lost.  
They lived in Wooster  
County, Mass.

NATHANIEL BROWN

Born Leicester, Mass. Nov. 5, 1767  
Died at Hamburg, Erie County, N.Y.  
Oct. 1, 1854

ANNA PERRY

Born Connecticut. 1770.  
Died Augusta, N.Y. 1826.  
Buried Stockbridge, N.Y.

RUFUS BROWN

Born Augusta, N.Y. Nov. 8, 1808.  
Died in Solsville, N.Y. in 1885.

JANET SPOONER

Died at Solsville near Madison, N.Y.  
Burial at Solsville.

RUSH S. BROWN

Born Solsville, N.Y. May 22, 1846.  
Died July 18, 1909 at Seattle.  
Burial Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

ANSIE JEAN BROWN

Born Muscoda, Wis. Oct. 28, 1873.  
Married Austin McPheters. Died  
Fullerton, California April 12, 1939.  
Burial Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Seattle.

WILBUR M. BROWN

Born Boscobel, Wis. Jan. 28, 1876  
Married Kathryn Zick  
April 7, 1899 Died April 23, 1965  
Burial Fairhaven Cemetery  
Orange, California

JAN

E

Married  
Died  
Burial

WILLIAM SELFRIDGE

Born in Mass. Lived at Pelham,  
until moving to Cambridge, N.Y.  
before 1764. Died at Hartford,  
N.Y. Aug. 10, 1801.

CATHERINE McMASTER

Married William Selfridge, March 27,  
1757 at Palmer, Mass. Died in New  
York State probably at Cambridge.

ROBERT SELFRIDGE

Born Cambridge, N.Y. July 21, 1775.  
Was a school teacher, lived in Argyle,  
Cattaraugus County, N.Y. and York  
in New York State. Died Freedom,  
N.Y. 1855.

ELIZABETH DE MOTT

Born Readington, New Jersey. March 3,  
1778. Married December 1, 1800. Died  
in Seneca County, N.Y.

JANE SELFRIDGE

Born Nov. 13, 1804 at Scipio, N.Y.  
Married Feb. 12, 1828. Died at  
Beaver Creek, Minn. Sept. 17, 1887.

MARY ANN CRAWFORD

Born Dec. 12, 1828 at Freedom, N.Y.  
Married April 5, 1853. Four Children  
Jennie (Jane), Alexander, Mary and  
John. Died Portage, Wis. May 21, 1861

ALEXANDER McDONALD

Born April 23, 1817 Spean Bridge  
Invernessshire, Scotland  
Died at Portage, Wis.  
Dec. 25, 1893

JENNIE E. McDonald

Born Portage, Wis. Feb. 9, 1854.  
Seven Children. Died Fullerton,  
California, Jan. 16, 1937. Burial  
Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Seattle, Wash

JANET MAY BROWN (KITTIE)

Born Portage, Wis.  
July 9, 1878  
Married Len C. Reeder 1898  
Died March 5, 1955  
Burial Colorado Springs

FRED R. BROWN

Born Portage, Wis. July 9, 1880.  
Married Florence Westpheling in  
1909. Died Portland, Oregon in  
1953. Burial Portland

LOUIE L. BROWN

Born Portage, Wis. Sept. 18  
Married Addie Bolin  
Died Dec. 17, 1966  
Burial Fairhaven Cemetery  
Orange, California



CATHRINE McMASTER  
Married William Selfridge, March 27,  
1787 at Pelham, Mass. Died in New  
York State probably at Cambridge.

LIZABETH DE MOTT  
Readington, New Jersey. March 3,  
1800. Married December 1, 1800. Died  
Cattaraugus County, N.Y.

KATHRINE SELFRIDGE  
Born Pelham, Mass. Jan. 23, 1761.  
Married Dec. 27, 1787. Eight child-  
ren. Died Cattaraugus County, N.Y.  
May 13, 1841.

ISAAC CRAWFORD SR.  
Born Pelham, Mass. Mar. 9, 1758.  
Fought in Revolutionary War. Died  
Cattaraugus County, N.Y.  
June 4, 1833.

ISAAC CRAWFORD JR.  
Born May 9, 1798. Lived in Cattaraugus  
County, N.Y. Among ten children were  
Mary Ann, Hannah — Alice, Ira, Seth,  
and William. Died Aug. 18, 1853.

ALEXANDER McDONALD  
Born April 23, 1817 Spean Bridge  
Perthshire, Scotland  
Died at Portage, Wis.  
August 25, 1893

This Chart shows a few of the ancestors  
of the seven children of RUSH S. BROWN  
and JANE E. McDONALD (BROWN).

LOUIE L. BROWN  
Born Portage, Wis. Sept. 16, 1884  
Married Addie Bolin  
Died Dec. 17, 1966  
Burial Fairhaven Cemetery  
Orange, California

MARIE LUCILLE BROWN  
Born Seattle, Washington. Nov. 25,  
1888. Married to George W. Pinkham  
Died February, 1969  
Burial Vashon Island  
Cem. Vashon, Wash.

RAYMOND R. BROWN  
Born Seattle, Wash. June 5, 1893.

Chart Devised by Raymond R. Brown



## ANCESTRY AND YOUTH OF JANE E. BROWN

### JANE E. BROWN'S PATERNAL ANCESTRY

AMONG THE ROLLING HILLS and valleys of the Highlands of Scotland is found the rural community of Spean Bridge. It derived its name from its location. Long, long ago a stone bridge was built over the Spean Creek at this particular spot where the road running from Ft. William to Inverness was sometimes flooded.

Heather and sheep are seen on the hillsides — black-faced sheep whose wool makes soft and beautiful clothing; while in the valleys are farms with hay fields and Black Angus cattle.

The two most conspicuous buildings in Spean Bridge are the Presbyterian Church (now known throughout all of Scotland as The Church of Scotland) and the Spean Bridge Inn. Both have been kept continuously active and in excellent repair for these many, many years.

We have visited Spean Bridge twice in the past few years. Each time a point was made to be there on Sunday in order to attend services in the church where our Mother's ancestors worshipped for many generations. It is a typical church of the Scottish Highlands, constructed of stone to last through the ages. Like others, it is surrounded by a cemetery with conspicuous headstones which mark the graves of those who have departed.

What a thrilling experience it was on those two Sunday mornings to sit in the same pews that our ancestors occupied; to see the same interior walls, pulpit and choir area and to hear a good Christian theme espoused by a capable Scottish minister. In the mind one could see our grandfather, Alexander McDonald, as a youth, sitting on this same padded seat. The term 'youth' is used because at the age of nineteen he left Spean Bridge to make a life for himself in America. Also were pictured in imagination our great-grandfather, Donald McDonald, and his wife, who for many years beginning in 1805, participated in the activities of the congregation of this same church.

Before him were other McDonalds. Information about them would be interesting. The family record on Mother's side begins

with this Donald McDonald who was born in 1779 and died in 1858. He and a young lady were married on the first day of January, 1805, and during the next twenty years had ten children:

Margaret	born 22 October 1805
William	born 15 March 1807
Jane	born 7 May 1809
Donald	born 30 April 1811
Sarah	born 5 June 1814
Alexander	born 24 April 1817
James	born 17 May 1819
Jessie	born 4 June 1821
John	born 8 July 1823
Ronald	born 8 June 1825

Of the children listed above, the most important one to us is Alexander, our grandfather. He, with his brother, William, the second child named above, migrated to America in 1836 and settled in Wisconsin — Alexander, near Portage and William, near Poynette. Both took up land and were successful at farming. Alexander did well in other activities, too, as is noted in his biographical sketch which appears later in the book.

Margaret, the first child in the above list, married a man whose last name was Michie and continued to live in Scotland. Donald, the fourth child, was named for his father. He became a farmer and spent most of his years on the Island of Islay, off the west coast of Scotland. The town nearest his farm was Bridgend. His gravestone can be seen in the churchyard at Spean Bridge. Ronald, the last of the children, migrated to Australia. There is very little information concerning others of the ten children except, of course, Alexander.

The ten children were born during the period that our great-grandfather, Donald McDonald, owned the Inn at Spean Bridge. This must have been between the years of 1805 and 1840. That same Inn is now known as the Spean Bridge Hotel.

In this hamlet of Spean Bridge, in the Highlands of Scotland, two of the McDonald sons, William, age 29, and Alexander, age 19, made the important decision to go to America to carve out a future. There must have been much discussion with father and mother and brothers and sisters about the advisability of such a momentous move. All realized that the parting would most likely mean a separation that might be forever. So it was with saddened emotions that in May, 1836, the final goodbyes were said and the two brothers were on their way.

Alexander had among his belongings a letter of reference given him by the local minister, John MacIntyre. Perhaps William had one, also. Alexander possessed one because the original is in our family album. It is a most valued possession. It reads as follows:

These certify that the bearer, Alexander McDonald, a young unmarried man, is a native of this parish, wherein he has resided from his infancy with his parents, to this date, with the exception of a short period when the family removed to a neighboring parish; that he has always maintained a good character, as far as known to me, that he is free from church censure or public scandal and worthy of encouragement wherever divine Providence may ordain his future lot.

Given under my hand at the Manse of Killmonivaig in Lochaber this twelfth day of March, 1836.

John MacIntyre, Minister



ALEXANDER McDONALD

1817 - 1893

(Mother's Father)

The story of how well Alexander fared in America is reported in a biographical sketch which appeared in the Portage, Wisconsin, newspaper a few days after his death on Christmas Day, 1893.

#### Death of a Pioneer

Alexander McDonald, Called to His Long Rest on Christmas Day.



Born in Scotland, he came to America in 1836 and to Fort Winnebago in 1839 — Was Sheriff of Columbia County in 1851-2 and later Landlord of the Ellsworth House.

Alexander McDonald was born on the 23rd day of April, 1817, near the Bridge of Spean, Inverness-shire, Scotland. He lived with his parents and attended the parish school until May, 1836, when he left for the United States. He visited with relatives in Canada from November 'til March, 1837. In the latter month he engaged in the government survey in Michigan in which occupation he remained until December 1838 when he came to Madison, Wisconsin. In 1840 McDonald joined the government survey in Wisconsin and shortly afterwards obtained from the government some of the best farming lands in the town of Caledonia, about five miles south of Portage. For a number of years he engaged in farming and stock raising and had one of the finest of farms.

He was sheriff of Columbia County for two years in 1851-2, also held other local offices and has been supervisor and chairman of the County Board of Columbia County. Under Governor Dodge he was appointed Major of the State Militia. From the fall of 1868, at age 51, 'til the spring of 1876, Mr. McDonald was the proprietor of the Ellsworth (now Corning) House in this city. Since that time he has been engaged in farming and the raising of cranberries and has resided at Portage. Mr. McDonald was one of the oldest settlers of Columbia County and during his years of active business life was one of its foremost citizens. In his early years a whig in politics, he afterwards became a democrat and for many years has been known as one of the most faithful democrats in Columbia County. In religious faith he was a Scottish Presbyterian and was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church in Caledonia. He built the first schoolhouse in that town. Mr. McDonald was twice married. He was married in York, Livingston County, N.Y., April 5th, 1853, to Mary Crawford, who died May 25, 1861. By this marriage there are three surviving children: Mrs. Rush Brown of Seattle, Washington, John C. McDonald of Aspen Junction, Colorado, and Miss Mary McDonald who is principal of one of the city schools in Los Angeles, California.

The funeral was held Thursday. Dr. Ritchey conducted services at the Caledonia Presbyterian Church near which the burial occurred.

The above is copied from a newspaper clipping of which we have the original. It tells in a condensed manner the main events in the life of a Scottish youth who came to America.

During an active career he achieved a high degree of success



and contributed greatly to the life and progress of his Columbia County, Wisconsin.

### JANE E. BROWN'S MATERNAL ANCESTRY

The ancestry of Jane E. Brown can be traced back through several generations. We have already written about her Scottish forebears who lived in Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, in the late seventeenth hundreds and the early eighteen hundreds. We can trace back further on her mother's side through the names of Crawford and Selfridge.

William Selfridge and his wife, Agnes, emigrated to America in the sixteen hundreds. With them was a young son, Edward, who was born November 30, 1701, in Ardstraw, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland. They settled in Worcester, Massachusetts, and later lived in Shrewsbury and Pelham. Edward, the son, lived most of his life in Pelham. Incidentally, on our Mother's side, he was our great-great-great-great-grandfather. He married a girl of Scottish descent, Elizabeth Burns, a relative of Robert Burns, the poet. They both lived and died in Pelham, he on October 15, 1761, and she on May 8, 1800. Among their children was a son, William, who continued the line which comes directly down to us.

William Selfridge married Catherine McMaster on March 27, 1757, in Palmer, Massachusetts. Most of their lives were spent in Pelham, Massachusetts, and in Argyle and Cambridge in the State of New York.

In historical records we find two items of interest. One says, "In 1759, sixty officers and men marched to the relief of Fort William Henry. Among the names we find William Selfridge," and Stone's *History of Washington County, New York*, states that, "Cambridge was a part of Hoosick patent 1688 and the Cambridge patent 1761. They offered 100 acres to the first thirty settlers. Among these thirty names we find that of William Selfridge."

William and Catherine Selfridge had seven children. The one in which we are interested is Robert because he continued the family line directly down to our Mother and to us. He was born July 21, 1775, in Cambridge, N.Y., and died in 1854. We have few facts about Robert Selfridge except that he married Elizabeth DeMott and that among their children were two of particular interest. A daughter, Jane, became our great-grandmother. A son, Harry Gordon Selfridge, left an executive position with Marshall-Fields Department Store in Chicago and founded the great Selfridge Department Store in London which is in operation today.

Jane Selfridge (1804-1887) married Isaac Crawford, Jr., (1798-1853). Their home was in York, Livingston Co., N.Y. They were our Mother's grandmother and grandfather. I have heard Mother speak of going from Portage, Wisconsin, when she was a girl, to

visit her grandmother, Jane (Selfridge) Crawford, in York, New York. In fact, she lived with her grandmother for a time because she attended school in York. Long afterward, when Mother was keeping a diary, there is an item under date of July 7th, 1931, which says, "Raymond drove me today to Long Beach so that I might call on Mrs. Deets. She was my schoolmate in York, New York, when we were little girls. Her name then was Cassie Kennedy." She could not have seen her grandfather Crawford at that



MARY ANN CRAWFORD McDONALD

1828 - 1861

(Our Grandmother)

The baby in the picture is our Mother at the age of two.

time because he passed away in 1853. Among the several children born to this marriage was a daughter, Mary Ann Crawford, who became our Mother's mother. Mary Ann had several brothers and sisters — Seth, Martha, Alice, Hannah, Robert and William. Seth was a successful and prominent dentist in Los Angeles in the 1880's and 90's. He had a daughter, Julia Crawford Ivers Van Trees. Her son, James Van Trees, was active in the motion picture industry as a well known director of photography.

Seth Crawford is mentioned many times in a book entitled, *My Seventy Years in California*, by J. A. Graves, published by the

Times-Mirror Press. Other Crawford brothers pursued successful careers in Seattle where each made a contribution to the growth and development of that city.

Mary Ann Crawford, our grandmother, was born December 12, 1828, in Fredonia, New York. Later the family moved to York, Livingston County, New York, where she attended school. Being an apt student she received an excellent education.

Sometime after completion of her schooling, her parents arranged a trip for her to visit relatives in Portage, Wisconsin. It was while on this trip that she met Alexander McDonald. Each must have impressed the other because after her return to York, correspondence flourished until sometime later a wedding date was set. On April 5, 1853, Alexander McDonald and Mary Ann Crawford were married in York, New York. They returned immediately to Portage and built a home on a knoll overlooking the fields which made up his extensive farm. It was located about six miles south of Portage in a community named Caledonia. The foundation of the home is all that remains today, but it can easily be found not far from the old McDonald Cemetery. The land for the cemetery was donated by Alexander from a piece of his farm.

The first child born in the new home in Caledonia was named Jennie Elizabeth, who became our Mother. The birthdate was February 9, 1854.

A letter written in 1854 by Mary Ann Crawford to her mother, Jane Selfridge Crawford, who was living in York, New York, tells of the arrival of her first baby. The letter expresses the thrill of being a mother and also pays tribute to her husband for his loving care of her. However, childbirth was no easy procedure on the farm in Wisconsin in 1854 with no doctor present. Here is the letter (with footnotes added) written ten days after our mother was born.

Caledonia, Wisconsin  
February 19, 1854

My dear Mother<sup>1</sup>:

The sixth day of this month, the hired girl we had from Mammoth went home and I felt glad to be able to do my own work once more. Oh no, Mary Smith came on the sixth and Lib stayed until the 8th. I had an unusual quantity of work on hand that day, hulling wheat and baking pies and a little of almost everything else. That evening we had a candy pull among ourselves and had a very pleasant time. About 8

---

<sup>1</sup> Mother, Mary's mother, Jane Selfridge Crawford, who lived in New York State at York, in Livingston County.



o'clock, however, I found plenty to do besides pulling candy, as I felt pains coming on and I came into this room without saying anything to anybody. Well, the girls went to bed and Alex<sup>2</sup> went after Mrs. Marshall and from that time until the next night about six, I grew worse and worse, until I thought my poor existence was called for. There is a granny woman living near here and she came, but I wouldn't have a doctor about me.

Well, the result of all this fuss and trouble is, Alex's first baby came home and a fatter, brighter, or prettier little Badger you never saw. When (oh dear what a pen) she was six days old I sat up long enough to wash and dress her. I thought I was doing real well now except for such awful sore breasts. Alex got some medicine from the doctor and I got over that trouble and I think they are better now.

Tonight I went into the kitchen and to supper with the rest and now I am holding the little bundle on my knee. I can only half write. Mary is going home tomorrow, if nothing happens.

I am afraid you will not be able to read this writing, but you know my hand is not very steady and will excuse it. This morning Alex went to take Pigeon<sup>3</sup> home and Helen (Miss Hand) went with them. They will not be back until sometime tomorrow and the time seems so long to have Alex gone. Oh mother, how unworthy your poor child is of such a husband! Words are all too poor to express his worth. He scarcely left me until I was able to get out of bed alone, and the slightest wish was gratified. He lifted me from one bed to another and then made the bed, prepared my food and did everything in the world to make me comfortable. May our Heavenly Father reward his kindness, for I am sure I never can. He would have written long ere this, but he said if he did, you would still be just as anxious to hear how I was getting along, so he thought best to wait until I was all better.

The baby is asleep here in the sitting room and I am here alone. Rob<sup>4</sup> is chopping wood and Ann Williams, a Welch girl, is mistress of our kitchen for the time being. She is a pretty good girl, but who can do our work as we would ourselves? I wonder if among you all, you can find a name for our girl. She gets Mary, Sarah, Kate and Ann and all the other names you can think of, but none of them seems to suit. Alex says we will let you, her Grandmother, name her. I think you may

---

2 Alex, her husband, Alexander McDonald.

3 Pigeon, her cousin, daughter of her mother's sister, Martha Selfridge Smith, who lived in or near Portage. Aunt Martha is referred to as Aunt Patty. Pigeon later became Mary Pedrick.

4 Rob, her younger brother, Robert O. Crawford.

give her one and let her Aunt Han<sup>5</sup> give her another, for that is a privilege she was asking before I left home. Rob sees forty wonders in her, and would like to hold her all the time.

Oh Mother, if around the word "wife" are entwined such a multitude of pleasant offices, how are all the responsibilities doubled and thribled when you place beside it the word "Mother." In awe at the prospect, I cannot help exclaiming "who is sufficient for these things." Surely in one's *own* strength such a charge would be far beyond all capability.

I am very tired now and must stop and rest. Perhaps I will write a little more tomorrow, if nothing prevents. Alex is going to Dekorra this morning and I cannot write much more. He went to Portage yesterday to get some medicine for my breasts. I hope it will do some good.

Tell Han to write and you must too, Mother. I will answer always, as soon as I can. Give my love to all the family and tell me if you hear anything from Seth<sup>6</sup>.

Affectionately,

Your own girl

Mary

What a beautiful letter! It expresses a daughter's thoughts to her mother immediately after one of life's important events — the birth of a first child. All through her letter runs a theme of love for her mother, her husband, her newly arrived baby and her brothers and sisters.

Mary Ann Crawford McDonald, our grandmother, who wrote the above letter to her mother, Jane Selfridge Crawford, passed away at the young age of thirty-three. Her life ended at the time of the birth of her fourth child. Her grave can be found today in the McDonald Cemetery in Caledonia, near Portage, Wisconsin. The cemetery is near the home where she lived during her brief married life of eight years.

This was a sad situation for Alexander McDonald — the loss of his cheerful companion — and sad also for four small children — the loss of a dear and capable mother. Four small children there were. The oldest was Jennie, seven, and the youngest John, an infant, with Mary and Alex, Jr., in between.

The home stood surrounded by large fields of corn and grain and by hills covered with woodlands. Inside the home were the problems of adjustment to life without the sympathetic understanding of wife and mother. The situation was somewhat allevi-

5 Aunt Han, her mother's sister, Hannah Crawford.

6 Seth, her brother. Seth Crawford, who became a dentist in Los Angeles.

ated by hiring a girl for the housework. Then, after a year or more, Alexander McDonald remarried and a stepmother came into the home.

Jennie, the oldest child, now eight, attended the Caledonia Elementary School, where she was a capable learner. She loved to study and her special delight was memorizing poetry.



JENNIE McDONALD  
at age seventeen

When she was fourteen her father bought the Ellsworth House, the leading hotel in Portage. This meant leaving the farm home with its many childhood memories and moving into town. Here she attended the Portage High School where she was an excellent student. At the same time she helped her father with clerical duties at the hotel.

It was while working there that Jennie met a young engineer who had recently attended Hamilton College in New York State. He was stopping for a time at the Ellsworth House on his way West to see if the mines held a possible future for him. However, after meeting the captivating daughter of the hotel owner, he decided to go no farther West.

Jennie McDonald was a very attractive girl of 16 and mature for her years. She was impressed by the good-looking young man from New York State. The attraction was mutual and just before she was eighteen, in 1871, she married Rush S. Brown.

\*During Mother's younger years she was called *Jennie*—in fact, Father always called her *Jen*. Later in life she used the name *Jane*.



## ANCESTRY AND YOUTH OF RUSH SPOONER BROWN

OUR ANCESTRY, as far as the Brown name is concerned, can be traced to the early days in Massachusetts. It is presumed that the first Browns who sired our family came from the British Isles, inasmuch as Massachusetts was established as a colony of settlers from there. Father (Rush S. Brown) often said in a half-serious manner, "Our ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

The first Brown in our family about whom we have definite information carried the given name of Parley. We know he lived in Leicester, Wooster County, Massachusetts, because his son, Nathaniel, was born there November 5, 1767.

When our Revolutionary War was getting under way and Washington was calling for volunteers, Parley Brown was one of the first to enlist. He knew of the Battles of Lexington and Concord, as they were fought in his own state, and he knew that the British had been defeated in those first engagements. He was so eager to have the Colonies form an independent nation that he joined Washington's Command. His days were numbered. He gave his life for his country and died a patriot, killed at the Battle of White Plains.

A brief account of his war experience is given in a book entitled, *Personal Recollections of Reverend C. E. Brown*. It is as follows:

At the outbreak of the war, Parley Brown, (our great-great-grandfather) was among the first to volunteer, and with his brother entered the American Army. Both were in the Battle of Bunker Hill. When our forces were compelled to retire, his brother, having been wounded and unable to walk, Parley Brown bore him on his back in safety from the field. Both were large, strong, muscular men, weighing nearly two-hundred pounds each. It is not known of his other activities until the Battle of White Plains in which he, Parley Brown, was killed October 28, 1776.

At the time of his death, when his life was given to aid the cause of those who established these United States, Parley Brown had a wife and a nine year old son. His son, Nathaniel Brown, became our great-grandfather. He was born in Leicester, Massachusetts, November 5, 1767, and died at Hamburg, Erie County, New York, October 1, 1854. Nathaniel Brown's wife was Anna Perry. She was of the Perry family that produced the Admiral Perry of Battle of Lake Erie fame.

Her father was Phillip Perry. (This would make him one of our great-great-grandfathers.) He served as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. He owned a farm in Arlington, Vermont, and in the summer of 1777 obtained a leave of absence to return home to harvest his crops. In *Personal Recollections of Rev. C. E. Brown* the story is told:

Parley Brown  
killed at  
Battle of White  
Plains, 10-28-1776

↓

Nathaniel Brown  
Born 11-5-1767  
Died 10-1-1854

↓

Rufus Brown  
Born 11-8-1802  
Died 1885

↓

Rush S. Brown  
Born 5-22-1846  
Died 7-18-1909

↓

Ansie Jean, Wilbur,  
Janet (Kitty), Fred, Louie,  
Marie and Raymond

Lt. Perry's nearest neighbor was a Tory, Hazard Wilcox, who became obnoxious because of a well-grounded suspicion that he held secret communication with the enemy. Between him and Lieutenant Perry however, no differences had been suffered to disturb their friendship. They exchanged work and helped each other with the harvesting.

One evening a number of neighbors came to Lt. Perry's home and asked him to assist in the arrest of Wilcox. Lieut. Perry at first declined, but the neighbors insisted, and knowing that Wilcox ought to be confined where he could no longer harm the American cause, he yielded reluctantly to their request. Wilcox had been, by some means, warned and with a bludgeon in hand, met the party at the door, declaring that he would kill the first man who set foot upon the doorstep. Lieut. Perry stepped forward with the remark, 'I do not wish to harm you,' when Wilcox felled him with a blow across the chest. He was carried into the house, Wilcox assisting, and soon revived to consciousness, seeing which Wilcox rejoiced, declaring he would not have struck Lieut. Perry had he not been enraged. Lieut. Perry recovered sufficiently to walk two or three times across the room, when he suddenly stopped

and with the words, 'I am a dead man,' fell lifeless to the floor. In the confusion, Wilcox escaped and fled to the British lines.

Sometime later Wilcox returned by night to get his family, but the neighbors, having knowledge of his coming, armed and met him and at a given signal fired. Wilcox paid with his life the penalty for his offenses.

Nathaniel Brown and his wife, nee Anna Perry, whose father was the Lieutenant Perry in the above incident, moved from Bennington, Vermont to West Moreland, Oneida County, New York. Here they purchased a tract of land on which the village of Clark's Mills now stands. That section of country was then new but was being settled rapidly.

The Nathaniel Browns lived in a house that stood near the Oriskany Creek. Their nearest neighbor was a Mr. Simeon Fillmore, an uncle of President Millard Fillmore. The Browns lived there until the spring of 1804, when they moved to the town of Augusta, New York. Here they purchased a tract of land about a half mile east of the site of the Mile Strip School House. These places are located in central New York State, in the general area lying between Madison and Utica. Nathaniel and Anna Perry Brown had eight children. The youngest was Rufus Brown who became our Father's father, or in other words, the father of Rush Spooner Brown.

The town of Madison can be found on any map of New York. It is on Highway 22, which crosses the state from East to West. Solsville is about a mile north of Madison. It is a tiny village today, consisting only of a grocery, a filling station and several homes. It was near Solsville where Rufus Brown owned a farm. (He had married a young lady who lived nearby and whose name was Janet Spooner.)

This section of New York State is truly beautiful — rolling, tree-covered hills and fertile farm lands in the valleys. A small lake near Solsville lends its beauty to the surrounding area. Its outlet drains into the Oriskany Creek and along this outlet can be seen the ruins of a canal. In the days when the Erie Canal was flourishing it was thought that a branch canal could be constructed up the Oriskany Creek from Utica to Solsville, tapping this fertile farmland. Work was actually started. The building of railroads, however, eventually ended plans for this canal.

Rufus Brown and his wife, Janet Spooner Brown, had three children, Jessie, Ellen and Rush. The gravestones of Rufus and Janet can be found readily in the cemetery about one-half mile north of Madison.

In our Mother's (Jane E. Brown's) diary under date of July 12, 1926, appears the following item: "Arrived at Jessie's in Solsville



today at 12 o'clock. What joy to see her — Rush's own sister! Next day visited the fine old residence a few miles from Solsville where Rush's mother (Janet Spooner) was born — also to the home where Rush was born — also the churchyard where Rufus and Janet Brown are buried."

Rush Spooner Brown was born May 22, 1846, in the farm home a couple of miles from Solsville. This was a good area in which to have a boy grow up, as life was healthful and wholesome. Recreation for a boy consisted of hunting and fishing, and Rush loved these, especially the hunting. Quail were abundant as well as ducks, and this farm boy developed a love for hunting that stayed with him all his life. He loved his dog, also. There were small lakes not too far away on which ducks could frequently be found, and fishing was good on the nearby Oriskany Creek. Much of the country was wooded, lending itself to exploration by a boy and his dog. Wild berries were plentiful and in the fall hickory nuts were gathered.

Of course there was much work, for Rush was an only son. On the farm there were daily chores to be done and, in their seasons, the planting and the harvesting of crops.

Ambition and ability spurred him onward through the paths of schooling until the gates of college were reached. His choice was Hamilton, probably because other youths in that area who had the necessary ability went there and besides, it was not far away.

Among his courses were some which dealt with mining and some with the steam engine. At that time the steam engine was coming into its own as the best power equipment to be used for operating locomotives, steamboats, mine hoists, fire engines and in every industry where power was required. His studies determined the occupation which Rush Brown would follow for most of his active days. Too, they were responsible indirectly for one of the happiest events in his life. Because of his interest in mining he started westward toward the mining area. On the way he stopped in Portage, Wisconsin, and there met and fell in love with an attractive young lady, Jennie McDonald. This was of the greatest importance in shaping his future.

## ADULT YEARS OF RUSH S. and JENNIE E. BROWN

PORTAGE, WISCONSIN lies on the north bank of the Wisconsin River — a typical mid-western, mid-Wisconsin small town. It has its main street, its stores, its churches, its library, its city hall, its fire station, its schools and all the rest of the buildings that go to make up Small Town, U.S.A. It has its residence section where one finds many of the better homes with 'parlors' that look out on the river. In the eighteen seventies a prominent feature of Portage was the covered bridge that spanned the Wisconsin and allowed horse-drawn wagons and smart buggies and surreys to take the road to the south. South of Portage lay fertile farm lands and tree-covered hills. Through this beautiful realm wound the road to communities with such intriguing names as Caledonia and Baraboo. Caledonia was a name transplanted to America and given to this section by Alexander McDonald, our grandfather, in honor of his native Scotland.

Another feature of Portage in the eighteen seventies was its principal hotel, the Ellsworth House. It was the center of much social life with its dining room that was used for dinners and banquets by the local elite. It also was a stopover place for salesmen as they traveled along the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad in the quest for business.

Early in the year 1870, a young man going West with the thought of mining as a possible career, stepped off the train at Portage and found his way to the Ellsworth House. It was to be a short stopover. He had read of Portage with its possibility of being the chief city on a proposed canal between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan. He said to himself, "I must see Portage."

It often happens in life that some apparently inconsequential event turns out to be of the greatest importance, changing the entire course of the future for an individual. And so it was that this stopover at Portage was the key that unlocked the gate to the road which Rush Brown was to follow — a road that led elsewhere than into mining as a career.



RUSH S. BROWN  
at age thirty-eight



WISCONSIN RIVER IMPROVEMENT  
*U. S. Winneconne*



It came about that in Portage in 1871, Jennie McDonald, Alexander McDonald's daughter, and Rush Brown were married and thus was laid the foundation for the building of a family. Today, one hundred years later, there are fifteen grandchildren and many, many great-grandchildren.

Let's follow the activities, incidents and achievements in the adult years of this marriage of Rush and Jennie Brown. Rush's first vocation of which we have definite information was in connection with the study of the possible construction of a waterway from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan. For at least two-thirds of the last century our nation was canal-minded. The Erie Canal was in successful operation and numerous other smaller canals were built. Many engineers and governmental officials had become interested in building a canal from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes. Some concluded that the best route for such a project would be from the mouth of the Wisconsin where it empties into the Mississippi, up the Wisconsin to the Fox River, then down the Fox River to Lake Michigan. There were several questions that would have to be answered. Did each of the two rivers involved carry a sufficient volume of water? Could sand bars and other obstructions to river boats be eliminated? Would it be necessary to construct dams and locks in certain places?

The Government decided to act by making a study to find answers to the above questions — a practical, on-the-spot study. A side-wheeler river boat, the *Winneconne*, was placed in operation on the Wisconsin River. The recently married young man, Rush Brown, applied for and obtained the position as engineer of the boat. So one of his college courses paid quick dividends. There were quarters on board for the engineer's family — a tiny sitting room, a bedroom and a combination diningroom and kitchen. To this river-boat home went the young couple. The future lay ahead for them, and they tackled this first situation with zeal, eager to be successful in all of life's pursuits. It was not the ivy-covered cottage that Jennie had dreamed of, but with a cheerful enthusiasm she set about the task of creating a comfortable and attractive home even though it were but small rooms on a river boat.

For slightly more than four years Rush's work continued on the Wisconsin River. Workmen built brush and rock obstructions from the bank out into the main stream when it was thought that by redirecting the current a sand bar could be eliminated or the channel deepened. During these four years, the boat would operate for a time at one point while the work was progressing and then move on to another.

It was while the boat was tied up at the small town of Muscoda that the first child was born to Rush and Jennie Brown. The date was October 28, 1873, and the baby girl was given the name of Ansie Jean. The name, Ansie, was found in a poem which appeared in a magazine to which they subscribed. They liked the poem

and the name appealed to them.

Two years and three months after the birth of Ansie Jean, the second baby arrived. At the time, work on the river project was in progress near the town of Boscobel. The date was January 28, 1876, when Wilbur McDonald Brown was ushered into this world. He was named for Rush's cousin, Wilbur Brown, who was a prominent and successful lawyer in Syracuse, New York. The middle name, McDonald, was chosen in honor of Jennie's father, Alexander McDonald.



MOTHER AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS — 1899  
Marie, Kittie, Mother, Ansie

The Government continued the work on the Wisconsin waterway project for several years. The canal connecting the Wisconsin and Fox rivers was constructed. It was a comparatively short canal cut through the very edge of Portage. However, the longer the work went on, the more obstacles there were to prevent the project's successful conclusion. It seemed impossible to direct and control the channel of the Wisconsin River to the extent necessary for steamboat traffic. Also, interest in the canal as a major means of transportation was fading as more and more railroads were constructed and successfully operated. So the project came to an end, and Rush had to find another position.

In the 1870's, Portage was a town of five thousand and developing a social consciousness. There were such innovations as the library and the new high school. There were street lights and garbage collection. There were asphalt streets. There was a project

which replaced the volunteer fire department with 'one of those new fire engines with horses to draw it.' A large fire house was built with plenty of space for an engine and horses on the ground floor and living quarters for the engineer's family on the second floor.

Then the question arose, "Where could an engineer be found who understood the operation of a steam engine?" At this opportune moment, Rush Brown was asked if he were available for the position as engineer to operate the new Silsby fire engine for the Portage Fire Department? The answer was, "Yes".

For the next several years, Rush and Jennie occupied the apartment on the second floor of the fire station. At the time of 'moving in' there were the two children — Ansie, age five, and Wilbur, almost three. Within a few years three more babies came along — Janet May on July 9, 1878, Fred Rush on July 9, 1880 and Louie Lockwood on September 16, 1884. They attended the Portage Elementary School where they were ready and eager pupils. Each Sunday they went to Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church. In fact, they enjoyed all the normal, wholesome activities of youth in a small town.

Rush Brown entered with enthusiasm into his position as engineer with the fire department. The Silsby fire engine, with all of its shiny silvery metal, was kept in perfect operating condition. Under date of October 26, 1883, an article appeared in the *Portage Democrat* expressing civic pride in the fire department. It stated,

Everything pertaining to the department is now managed systematically and all of the machinery is kept in the most approved manner. At the stroke of a fire alarm, the driver pulls a cord, the doors in front of the horses fly open and the horses bound to their places at the front of the engine. By the pulling of another cord the harnesses, which hung just above the pole (the invention of Chief Purdy and Engineer Brown) drop on the horses and almost instantly by the adjusting of a few snaps, the engine is ready for business and on the road to the fire. The Silsby engine is kept in splendid shape. It is as good as it was the day it came from the factory. The fact is, Portage has an engineer that attends to his business.

By 1886 Portage was a growing, progressive community with new homes and downtown buildings. It was time to enlarge the fire department. A new, larger engine house was built with a spacious apartment for the Browns on the second floor.

Mother's days were filled with the details of caring for five children and a husband. Keeping the youngsters in clean and mended clothing, getting them off to school each morning, teaching them good manners, dressing them nicely for Sunday School, preparing wholesome meals and always radiating love and encouragement



to them was a full-time occupation. (How fortunate we seven children were to have been reared under the guidance and understanding of such a capable Mother!)

In 1887 the city of Portage, in its desire to keep modern and abreast of the times, voted to build a new steam power plant for the water department. Rush Brown of the Portage Fire Department was offered the position of chief engineer which he accepted. The new position meant a change of homes. For the next few years home was a new residence in the upper part of Portage, sometimes referred to as 'The Point.' It was high above the Wisconsin River, with a spectacular view looking up the river to the wooded hills in the distance. The home was known as 'Riverview.' (On a visit to Portage in the 1950's, it was found that The Point had been made into a park, and the home where the Browns lived was no longer there.)

Rush Brown had ambition and ability. After ten years as engineer with the Portage Fire and Water Departments, there came the realization that his knowledge and accomplishments were unchallenged by his present position. A restlessness coupled with a desire to seek farther fields became a fixed part of his thinking and plans.

It was with mixed emotions that Rush and Jennie talked of leaving Wisconsin. Such a thought brought with it a certain degree of sadness. It was here that Jennie was born and grew to be a young lady. It was here she met the young man who became her husband. It was here the five children were born and guided through childhood. It was here that her father, stepmother and two half-sisters were living. It was here that warm friendships had been established.

The first sixteen years of married life had seen the development of the first phase of a worthy and industrious family. Now it seemed the time had come to plan for further achievement. Seattle was a fast-growing city. Friends had gone there and were successful. Why not that city? So it was in 1887 that the final goodbyes were said to Portage, Wisconsin, and the move to Seattle was made.

Seattle in 1888 was a growing city. It was surrounded by natural resources. There were forests of fir and cedar which made it a great lumber center. There were coal mines at its back door and coal at that time was the most used fuel for industry. There was a vast fishing potential. There was one of the finest deep-water harbors in the world, and it was the 'gateway to Alaska' with all of its resources.

It was into this active and developing scene that Rush and Jennie Brown, with five children, proceeded to work out a future. Rush's work experience had all been with steam engines, so quite naturally he thought in terms of a vocation involving them. Seattle was a city built on hills. The transportation system at the time was well developed. It consisted of several cable car lines running from the downtown area over the hills and through the residential sec-

tion to Lake Washington. Rush applied for and received a position as assistant engineer with the Front Street Cable Car Co. He was capable and so well liked that a year later, when the opportunity arrived, he was promoted to chief engineer at the Madison Street Cable Car Company's power station. Here were the largest steam boilers and engines with which he had ever worked. Everything went well, and for the next four years he managed the plant which supplied power to the cable streetcar system.

In the meantime a home had been purchased on Natchez Street (later renamed 19th Avenue), and here the family lived for five years. It was a good home with a Mother who directed the family activities with tact and understanding.

On November 25th, 1888, the sixth child was born — a girl, named Marie Lucille. On June 5, 1893, the seventh and last child made his appearance — a boy, named Raymond Rainier. Now the Brown family was complete.

Rush Brown was good at his work. He had mastered the operation of steam-power equipment. Sixteen years he had given in service to this mechanical giant which made the wheels of industry turn. Often he contemplated the future. Was he forever bound to engines, steam boilers, injection pumps, governors, whirling belts and wheels? Surely there was another plane of existence where the spirit and the soul could expand with unfettered freedom, away from the confines of engines and noise. The years were moving along. If a change in occupation were to be made, it must be soon. There was a wife and there were seven children now, with all the responsibility which falls to a husband and father.

He decided to make a change and tendered his resignation, much to the regret of the company. He was given the following letter to be used wherever he chose.

MADISON STREET CABLE RAILWAY

Seattle, Wash.  
Jan. 5, 1893

To Whom It May Concern,

The bearer, R.S. Brown, was Engineer for the Front Street Cable Company for two years and for the Madison Street Cable Company for eighteen months. (Both these Companies are owned and managed by the same people). He quit the service of the Front Street Co. to take charge of the Madison St. Engines. He has now resigned his position of his own accord. He has always been a faithful employee and leaves our employment with our confidence and good-will.

A. P. Mitten,  
Managing Director



Father was not long in making up his mind about a change of vocation. He had been reared on a farm and had enjoyed his boyhood. His father was a farmer near Madison, New York. Mother's father, among other activities, had the farm near Portage, Wisconsin. Both had been successful. Why wouldn't a farm offer the best environment in which to rear seven children? And why not in one of the central states?

There was a World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Father thought this would be an ideal place to visit in order to see the exhibits from the various states and to form an opinion regarding a proper location.

Leaving Mother and the seven children in the home on Natchez Street to make preparation for moving, Father set forth like an adventurer of old to seek new realms to conquer. The new realm was to be a farm. So as planned, Father spent several days at the fair in Chicago visiting all state exhibits. He noted the quality and quantity of farm products. He studied the statistical literature related to population, schools, recreation and opportunities for growth. After this studious investigation he came to the conclusion that Bates County, Missouri, offered rewarding possibilities. To Butler, the county seat of Bates County, went Father, and he proceeded to make inquiries at realtors about farms. Finally one was selected. It was located about four miles from Adrian. There were the white house, the large red barn and level fields stretching off into the distance. It made an attractive picture.

In due time, Mother arrived with five children. Wilbur, now seventeen, had a position with Western Union as a telegraph operator and had been left behind for the time being. Ansie, now twenty, had met and married in Seattle a young man named Austin McPheters.

Father and Mother plunged into the project of making their farm the best one in Bates County. Wilbur soon arrived from Seattle and he, Fred and even Louie, now nine, were of great help to father. Kittie, fifteen, was a busy girl, helping mother with housework and assisting in the care of her little five year old sister, Marie, and her baby brother, Raymond.

There were incidents worth noting in those years on the farm in Missouri. There was humor and there was pathos.

There was the hornets' nest underneath the plank flooring of the pig pen. When corn was thrown on the floor and the pigs came in, the hornets rose up through the cracks between the planks and went into action. The pigs, on being stung, forgot about eating and with squeals of various tones, made a dash for the nearby pond and rolled in its soothing mud. The sight of pigs running for the pond with hornets in pursuit was a source of amusement for the boys and Father. However, Kittie and Mother felt sorry for the pigs and put a stop to this sort of entertainment.

There was the tame crow which Fred and Wilbur had raised

from the time it was two days old. The crow liked human company. Any time there was work going on he was in the midst of it acting as if he were a necessary part of the job. In reality he was in the way most of the time. He fell into disrepute when Father and the boys were husking corn and throwing the ears into the wagon. The crow lit on the back of one of the horses and began pecking with his very sharp beak. Now it seems that a horse does not appreciate being crow-pecked any more than a man appreciates being hen-pecked. The horse protested by making a lunge and a jump. In an instant both horses with the wagon in tow made a runaway dash across the fields toward the barn. The crow flew over to a nearby fence and 'caw-caw-cawed' at all the fuss and excitement.



THE FOUR SONS — 1937  
Wilbur, Fred, Louie, Raymond

There was the pet racoon that drank the fly poison and died. Kittie and Marie cried.

There was the time that Father decided to have a new well dug and one of the neighbors said, "Don't take a chance on finding water. Have the area witched to be sure there is water." Father thought to himself that the idea was ridiculous, like planting crops at a certain time of the moon, but went along with the suggestion.

A neighbor with a 'divining stick,' known for successful 'witching,' volunteered his services. Father looked on with amusement as the neighbor walked here and there in the field. When the divining stick turned down, father was told, "Mr. Brown, dig your well here." The well was dug and did supply plenty of water. Father always wondered if there were any science to witching. There was under the house a storm cellar. Tornadoes did come along now and then. One night we children were aroused out of bed and taken hurriedly in a dash down into the cellar. Lightning was flashing

and thunder was roaring. Rain was pouring down and Father feared a tornado. All of us were frightened. The next day we learned that a tornado had touched down a few miles away and had done considerable damage.

In a year or so it was discovered that there were problems in connection with farm life in Missouri in the 1890's. Good crops were produced, but prices were low and markets were some distance away. Farming provided a good living, but little chance for building up a sizeable savings account. Many years later father was heard to say, "I had been on the farm in Missouri only a year when I would watch the sun go down in the West and wish I were out that way again."

After six years of farming as successfully as could be done in Bates County, Father sold the farm and turned his thinking and his plans westward. This was early in the year 1899. The family was smaller as preparations were made to go back to the State of Washington. Kittie had married Len Reeder, whose father owned the adjacent farm. Fred, now nineteen, had a good position in the auditing department of the Burlington Railroad and wished to stay with it. Wilbur, age twenty-three, had a position in Pleasant Hill, Missouri. On the day the family took the train to the West, there were only five — Father, Mother, Louie, now fifteen, Marie, eleven and Raymond, six.

A stop of two months was made in Chicago and another stop of a few months in Spokane. Father had enjoyed farming and wanted more of it, only this time it must be in Washington or Oregon. So to Portland the family went in order to seek a farm, perhaps in the Wilamette Valley of Oregon.

One morning Father read an ad in the *Oregonian*. It said, "The Famous Higdon farm for sale at Manor, Clark Co., Washington. Fifteen miles from Portland and ten miles from Vancouver." To get from Portland to the farm at Manor, though not far in miles, required considerable time. One took a street-car from Portland to the Columbia River, a ferry boat to cross the river, and a horse and buggy to drive the ten miles to Manor.

Father and Mother made several trips to the prospective farm. They finally decided it was what they were looking for and bought it. In the summer of 1900 the farm at Manor became home. A letter that Mother wrote to her brother, John McDonald, tells something about the newly purchased farm.

Vancouver, Washington  
August 19th, 1900

Dear Brother John:

I have written to you about four times since you have moved to Denver, but do not obtain any answer. As none of



my letters have been returned to me, I am hoping you received them, so I'll just keep writing 'till you send an answer just to quiet me, if nothing more.

We left Seattle early in June and have lived in Portland from then until the second of this month when we came and rented a house to live in 'till we can have possession of our farm on September 15th. We have 100 acres of level land cleared of oak, ash and fir timber — comparatively new land. It has excellent wells, one with a windmill, but no stream of water on the farm. Every acre can be cultivated. The house is two stories and has eight rooms. There is a good barn, a smoke-house, a work-shop, a fruit dryer, woodshed, etc. There are cherry, apple, pear, and prune trees in the orchard — also blackberry and currant bushes. Altogether we are well pleased with our new home. We will keep cows and grow oats, corn and hay. A creamery is only one-quarter mile from our house and near it are located the schoolhouse, post-office, and grocery store. Money has just been subscribed for a United Brethern Church.

Louie remained in Seattle, where he is employed by the N.P. Railroad in their freight office. He will come home to stay on September 1st. Fred is in Chicago with the 'Burlington.' A letter from him a few days ago says he may visit us in September or October. Wilbur is in Chicago, also, with a commission firm. Kittie is living on a farm at Amsterdam, Bates Co., Mo., and Ansie has recently moved to Seattle to live. Louie is with her.

Rush has not been well this summer. He consulted a doctor and is taking medicine for his stomach and heart. He gets very discouraged some days when his heart beats irregularly, and wonders if he will be able for farm life, but the doctor said it was the best work for him.

I must tell you that Frank Crawford went to Nome, Alaska, with many others and has come back to Seattle to take a fresh start in life — sorry that he went, as they all are.

Have you heard from our sister Mary lately? Marie and Raymond are well. All send love.

Your sister Jen

Besides father and mother there were the three children. Louie would soon be sixteen, Marie was twelve and Raymond was seven.

What a fine farm and good home it turned out to be, thanks to Mother and Father! For the next eight years the farm, the children and community activities absorbed their thought and energy. The home was a large, white, eight-room house, situated well back from the road amid cherry, pear and apple trees. The barn was of the large red variety. There were stanchions for thirty cows on

one side, stalls for six horses on the other and an enormous hay-mow in the center. There was a herd of at least thirty Jersey cows and a registered Jersey bull. Cream was separated from the milk and sold to a butter-making creamery. The skim milk was used for fattening hogs. A good income was derived from the sale of cream, oats and hogs.

There was always much work. Louie was a big help to Father, as was Marie to Mother. Raymond soon grew to do his part in the planting and the cultivating of crops and with the daily chores. However, in addition, it was necessary for Father to have a hired man part of the time. There was a fine, large orchard which kept us well supplied with fruit. There were many varieties of apples, such as Gravenstein, Baldwin, King, Northern Spy and Greening. There were pears, cherries, plums and prunes. How they were all enjoyed!

The home and the farm were kept up well, and from time to time improvements were made. A new shake roof was put on the huge barn, replacing the shingles which had shown signs of deterioration. The old wooden windmill which was used to keep the water-troughs filled for the cattle was taken down, and a steel structure erected with a more efficient metallic wheel at its top. How happily that wheel seemed to spin when a brisk wind blew! A newly manufactured wired-slat fence was built along the road in front of the home. It was very attractive. Twice in the eight years from 1900 to 1908, while we lived on this farm, the house was given a new coat of white paint. The barn, too, was not neglected. It always wore proudly a clean red robe, which seemed to add to its stature and majestic dominance. A new towering silo was erected beside the barn. The silo was a necessity for the storage of corn ensilage, which was a part of the feed given cattle during the winter months. Other lesser improvements were continuously being made, and the Brown farm maintained its status as the best farm in all that section of Clark County, Washington.

There was a cultural side to our way of life at Manor. During the rainy wintry months the evenings were given over to reading, and there was always a good supply of magazines and books on hand. Father and Mother maintained subscriptions to such national magazines as *Review of Reviews*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *McClures* and *Pearsons*. Because of the dairy activities on the farm, there was *Hoard's Dairyman*. For me, *The American Boy* was a special treat. When Clark County established circulating libraries, the question arose regarding the best place in our farming community to keep the cabinet with its sixty books. The neighbors decided it should be at our house. The County changed the books every six months. It was good to have such a fine selection of reading matter so readily accessible, and we enjoyed it thoroughly.

The organ was an appreciated center of interest in our parlor. Mother played it and Marie took lessons. A common sight was a



group standing about the organ singing hymns or the songs of Stephen Foster. How often, after we children had been tucked in our beds upstairs at night, we would hear Mother play the organ in the parlor below. Our favorite selections were Scottish airs, such as *The Campbells Are Coming*, *Annie Laurie*, *Loch Lomond*, *Coming Through the Rye*, and many others. Never was a more beautiful setting provided for children to float from the activities of the day to the peaceful rest of night. The organ, played by Mother as we went to sleep, seemed to us the most beautiful sound that ears could ever hear.

Father was a good speaker and was often called upon to speak at public gatherings. On one occasion, while he was at work overseeing the harvesting of grain, a telephone message came stating that the Governor of the State was to speak in Vancouver that night and asking if Father would come to make the introduction. Father accepted.

At another time a Mr. and Mrs. Leeper, who owned a farm nearby, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. All the neighbors were invited. Father was asked to make the address of the occasion, which he did in his usual capable manner. In one part of the speech he said, "Fifty years of sunshine" and then lowering his voice added, "and of rain." Afterwards Mrs. Leeper, who did not hear very well, went up to Father and said, "Mr. Brown I heard you say that I have had fifty years of sunshine. Well, I want you to know there has been rain, too."

Now and then tragedy struck the farming area about Manor. Two men were digging a well and had reached a depth of about twenty feet without striking water. On arrival for work one morning, one of the men descended the ladder to start digging. In a few moments groans were heard. His partner, James Wiley, sensing trouble, rushed down the ladder to help him up to the surface. He, too, was overcome by the gas, carbon dioxide, which had accumulated in the well overnight. Both men were later found dead.

Father was asked to give the talk at the memorial service. Among other things, he said;

In the shadow of the firs, away from the busy centers of life, innumerable tragedies have been enacted of which the world hears little. Very often deeds of valor are lightly touched upon and may pass by unnoticed. Out of calamity there often shines forth traits of character which command our admiration. The battlefield has no monopoly on valor. In the commonplace walks of life, there is none of the glamor which covers the soldier — nothing theatrical to attract the attention of the world, but there is evidence of the material of which heroes are made. Our hearts thrill as we appreciate what man will do for his fellow man in times of stress. When James Wiley hurried down into the deadly vapors of that well to save a dying

comrade, there was absolute forgetfulness of self. By that one act he rose to heroic heights. He met unflinchingly the supreme test of existence and passed out and on, leaving a hero's name, and to the world, if it will but heed, an example of unhesitating self-sacrifice.

Father delved slightly into politics. Friends succeeded in getting him to run for the office of County Commissioner on the Democratic ticket. Clark County had a strongly entrenched Republican majority with all elective offices held by that party. Father went to work diligently to wage a good campaign. He made an exceptionally good showing, losing the entire county election by only one hundred nineteen votes. This was by far the best showing that any democrat made in Clark County during those years.

Father was on the Manor School Board and brought about the construction of a fine new two-room school building with a bell that could be heard throughout the countryside.

Along in 1907 Father's health began to fail. It was not known at the time just what was the trouble, but one symptom was frequent and distressing headaches. By 1908 it became apparent that he could not keep up the work and the duties of the farm. In the meantime, Louie had fallen in love with a neighbor's daughter, had married, and had gone to work for the Northern Pacific Railroad. His good help was missed. So in 1908 the farm was sold and the family moved to Seattle. There were now just four of us — Father, Mother, Marie, now nineteen and Raymond, fifteen.

Father's health continued to worsen, forcing him to give up all thought of further business or farming activities. A home was rented on Madrona Hill on the Lake Washington side of Seattle. His illness was diagnosed as Bright's Disease, a kidney ailment, for which doctors knew no cure. He suffered constant pain for several months and finally, on July 18, 1909, at the comparatively young age of sixty-three, he passed away. He was a fine and capable man, a good husband, a Father who enforced discipline, yet allowed that sense of discipline to be tempered by a kindly personality. I admire him now for his strictness with us children and for his good judgment in handling us. It gave us a feeling of security in the home.

So at the age of fifty-five, our Mother, Jane Elizabeth Brown, was left a widow with her daughter, Marie, twenty-one and son Raymond, sixteen. Fortunately the farm at Manor had sold for a good price and Mother, by practicing thrift, could live comfortably.

Mother's oldest daughter, Ansie Jean, had been widowed by the death of her husband. She had two children, Evelyn and Rush. Mother and Ansie bought a new home at 340 West 50th Street in Seattle and we six moved into it. Within a year Marie met and married George Pinkham and they established their own home.

Of the seven children in the family there was now only one

left — the youngest, Raymond. Marriage had taken all the others and each was comfortably settled and building a home and family. After Raymond graduated from Queen Anne High School in June, 1912, Mother decided that he and she would visit her sister in Southern California. So goodbyes were said to the loved ones in Seattle and a new chapter was started in the story of the life of our Mother, Jane E. Brown.

Mother's sister, Mary McDonald, had attended Ripon College in Wisconsin and after graduation became an elementary school teacher in that state. However, in the 1880's, when Mother, Father and the children moved to Seattle, Mary, knowing that Portage would not be the same after her sister had gone, decided to go West herself. Mother's and Mary's uncle, Seth Crawford, was a very successful dentist in Los Angeles. This helped Mary decide where to go to continue her teaching career. For the next several years she was connected with the Los Angeles School System, first as a teacher and later as a principal. Then, in 1897, she met J. Everett Parker.

The Parker family had come from Indiana in the 1880's and had settled in or about the towns of Orange and Santa Ana. Ed Parker founded the Orange County Title Co. His brother, Everett, bought land which he planted in oranges and walnuts near the town of Orange. Mary McDonald fell in love with and married J. Everett Parker. After their marriage she gave up school work to become the wife of an orange and walnut grower. A fine, large, four-bedroom home was built by them on the orange ranch on North Batavia Street within the city limits of the town of Orange.

It was to this home that our Mother, Jane E. Brown, with her youngest son, Raymond, now nineteen, went to visit in the summer of 1912. The visit turned out to be a happy one for all four. Mary was glad to have her only sister with her and Everett appreciated the help that Raymond gave with the ranch work. The situation was most pleasant and the relationship grew ever closer as the years went by.

There was much social life in the home on North Batavia Street. Aunt Mary and Mother were invited to bridge luncheons and teas and in turn entertained many guests. Friends and relatives dropped in frequently. The welcome mat was always out. There were many weekday social affairs at the Presbyterian Church. Usually these took the form of work projects, such as making clothing for the foreign missions or for charitable organizations.

The years were satisfactory ones for Mother. Her married children vied with each other for the privilege of having her come to visit them. Her brother, John McDonald, came to Orange from Colorado and bought a walnut ranch. He was a bachelor and appreciated the times when Mother went to his home and put it in order.

It was interesting that John, Mary and Jane, three of the chil-



dren of Alexander and Mary Ann McDonald of Portage, Wisconsin, came in these later years to live near each other in Orange, California.

Mother took many pleasant trips in those years from 1914 to 1935. In Seattle there resided her daughter, Marie, and her granddaughter, Evelyn. In Portland there was her son, Fred, and across the Columbia River from Portland, near Vancouver, Washington, lived her son, Louie. In Colorado Springs there was her daughter, Kittie, and in Chicago her son, Wilbur. It was a pleasure for each to invite and have Mother come for a visit. There were always social affairs, theater parties and local scenic auto trips to be enjoyed. For example, in May 1930, when in Chicago, Wilbur drove Mother, Kathryn and Wilbur, Jr. to Portage, Wisconsin, so that the old home, relatives and friends might be revisited after forty years. Mother kept a diary from 1925 to 1932 in which there are entries covering her travels and visitations. Many of these entries will appear in later pages as we write separately of her seven children.

Although Mother traveled much during these years, home was basically on North Batavia Street in Orange with her sister, Mary, and Mary's husband, Everett.

Mother's activities were more or less the same as one year followed another. On the whole they were pleasant years. Her daughter, Jean, bought a home on an orange ranch near Fullerton. This purchase was made after the death of Uncle John McDonald in 1934. Jean, now alone, asked Mother to come to live with her.

Mother had now passed her eighty-second birthday and a certain amount of frailty began to develop. In December of 1936 pneumonia struck and the doctor asked that she go to a Fullerton hospital where he could take better care of her. On the way she said to us, "This seems like the end for me." During the six weeks in the hospital she insisted on being busy, a characteristic which had always been typical of her. She kept occupied, even though in bed, by hand-weaving a rag rug.

On January 16, 1937, the end came, just twenty-four days before she reached the age of eighty three.



TRIBUTES TO JANE E. BROWN  
(Our Mother)

Mother's even-mannered disposition throughout her life seemed to radiate a belief that every cloud *does* have a silver lining. She would have been an excellent teacher. Each pupil would have tried to do everything possible to please his teacher and, conversely, no boy would have thought of breaking any rule or doing anything that might harm her opinion of him. She possessed gentleness combined with great intelligence. One sensed it would be futile to attempt to mislead her since, for her, truth was the only way of life.

In the home there was control developed by love and understanding. Mother's ability and gentleness were passed on to each of her seven children. She created in and about the home an atmosphere which made them adjust sub-consciously to high standards of conduct. Some lines from Tennyson come to mind because they are so appropriate:

Happy he  
With such a Mother!  
Faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood and  
Trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him.

One of Mother's granddaughters, Jeanette Pinkham Pepin, had this to say:

I recall my grandmother, Jane Elizabeth, with great affection. One time in the 1920's she came from her home in Orange, California, to visit our family. I remember when I was a child running from my bed to hers to climb in with her late one night, as the lighting flashed and the thunder roared. The night was made memorable by grandmother reciting some of her Robert Burns poems in a soft, practised, Scottish accent. I remember, also, a poem by Anderson entitled, "The Bairnies Cuddle Doon at Nicht." The first verse went as follows:

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
Wi muckle faucht an din;  
O' try and sleep ye waukrife rogues  
Your fathers coming in.  
They never heed a word I speak,  
I try to gie a froon.  
But aye, I hap them up an' cry  
O bairnies cuddle doon.

At other times in response to our request, "Grandmother, sing us a song," she would comply with verses from some of the following:

When You and I Were Young, Magie.  
Where Have You Been All the Day, Charming Billie?  
The Quilting Party  
Believe Me If all Those Endearing Young Charms  
I'm Growing Warmer Now  
The Campbells Are Coming  
Coming Through the Rye

We always marvelled at the number of songs she knew and the number of poems she could recite from memory.

Grandmother had an excellent mind and a beautiful mode of expression as evidenced in her written communications. How did she acquire her academic purity of speech and writing? Were the teachers in Wisconsin that outstanding in the 1860's? Was it the influence of her father and mother, both of whom were well educated?

Grandmother possessed a patience, a kind firmness, and a pleasant tone of voice, which she always maintained. I remember a feeling of security when in Grandmother's presence. I remember a pleasant face with soft lines. One of my prized possessions is a photograph taken of her at age eighteen, in a lace-trimmed maroon gown, her brown hair piled in braids and a warm half-smile on her lovely lips. The beauty of her spirit will always be with us.

So the mortal end had come for a life of good deeds and many kindnesses. However, in spirit, Mother lives on through the lives of her children, her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren, all of whom have been influenced by her saintly traits.

## PREFACE TO PART II

THE WISCONSIN is a beautiful river. It rises in the central part of the state of Wisconsin, flows southward and westward until near the town of Prairie du Chien, it joins the Mississippi. Along its banks grow forests of oak, beech and maple. There are rolling hills through which it wends its way and there are level areas which have been cleared of timber and brush and made into prosperous farm land. Early explorers used the Wisconsin as a means of transportation in traveling westward from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. Then came the years of the 1800's and Wisconsin's good soil attracted an influx of settlers. From the Eastern states they came and also from Northern Europe, including Scotland and Switzerland.

Again, attention was focused on the river. Could it be used for river-boat transportation? The Federal Government decided to find the answer. In the 1870's Rush S. Brown became a part of that study. For five years he was engineer on the U.S. *Winneconne*, a river-boat afloat on the questionable waterway. He and Jennie had their home on the *Winneconne* for approximately four years, while the flow and the habits of the Wisconsin River were under investigation.

One has a sentimental interest in a state in which his ancestors lived. In our family there is more than a passing interest—there is a certain loyalty to the State of Wisconsin. Our grandfather, Alexander McDonald, an immigrant from Scotland, settled there. Our Mother was born, met her husband and was married there. Five of her seven children were born there. These events account for our special interest in Wisconsin.

Part II of this book deals with the seven children of Rush S. and

Jane E. Brown. Each of the seven will be given a separate chapter in which will appear information about their lives and a list of their descendants.

The seven children were:

Ansie Jean Brown

Born in Muscoda, Wisconsin, October 28, 1873

Died in Fullerton, California, April 12, 1939

Buried in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Seattle

Wilbur McDonald Brown

Born in Boscobel, Wisconsin, January 28, 1876

Died in Woodland Hills, California, April 23, 1965

Buried in Fairhaven Cemetery, Orange, California

Janet May (Kittie) Brown

Born in Portage, Wisconsin, July 9, 1878

Died in Colorado Springs, Colorado, March 5, 1955

Buried in Colorado Springs, Colorado

Fred Rush Brown

Born in Portage, Wisconsin, July 9, 1880

Died in Portland, Oregon, 1953

Buried in Mt. Calvary Cemetery, Portland, Oregon

Louie Lockwood Brown

Born in Portage, Wisconsin, September 16, 1884

Died in Fullerton, California, December 17, 1966

Buried in Fairhaven Cemetery, Orange, California

Marie Lucille Brown

Born in Seattle, Washington, November 25, 1888

Died in Shreveport, Louisiana, 1969

Buried in Vashon Cemetery, Vashon, Washington

Raymond Rainier Brown

Born in Seattle, Washington, June 5, 1893





ANSIE JEAN BROWN McPHETERS

1873-1939

(First child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*Her life was made up of unfulfilled dreams. Always hopeful, she looked for the ideal. Her heart was full of love—love for her relatives and friends, love for flowers and love for the great out-of-doors.*

THE FIRST CHILD of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown was born October 28, 1873, in Muscoda, Wisconsin. The new baby girl was given the name of Ansie, a name that had been read in a poem. During her first three years Father was occupied with the study of the Wisconsin River as a means of transportation. Shortly after this project was concluded he was selected as fire department chief in Portage, Wisconsin. For the next few years, Ansie's development was interwoven with the activities of youth in Portage.

At the age of six she entered the first grade in the elementary schools. As she progressed through the various levels, it was always

with pride she brought home report cards showing excellent grades. During high school days there were all the usual activities of young people. Ansie was a ready participant. There were youth groups which were a spirited part of the program sponsored by the Presbyterian Church. There were class affairs at the high school. There were young folk's picnics and parties. Ansie, with her enthusiastic and responsive personality, was a sought-after part of it all. One of her closest friends was Zona Gale, who later became noted as a novelist, essayist and playwright. In an article which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* a few years ago, in thinking back over her youth, Zona Gale said, "Those were happy years for us young folk. We were full of ideas for harmless exploits, one of which was the suggestion to climb the ladder to the top of the water tank tower. Among us girls, Ansie Brown was the one who succeeded."

A sister and two brothers of Ansie were born in Portage—Kittie, Fred and Louie. In 1887 the family moved to Seattle where Father was engineer for the Madison St. Cable Car System. A home was purchased on Natchez Street. Ansie found herself with younger brothers and sisters and discovered that she could be of great assistance to Mother in the normal routine of the tasks of home. She readily accepted responsibility for the care of the younger children.

Ansie had enjoyed her schooldays in Portage, Wisconsin, and now in Seattle, there were to be more. She enrolled in Normal School, taking courses in education which would lead to teaching. On completing the education program she accepted a position in the Elementary School at Colby, a small town across Puget Sound from Seattle. This was a satisfying outlet for her youthful zest for achievement. However, as might be expected, love entered the scene.

Austin McPheters was born in Cooper, Maine, on February 15, 1870. As a young man of twenty he arrived in Seattle and immediately sought employment. One morning when he went to the post-office he noticed an announcement of a civil service examination for the position of mail carrier. He took the test, passed it successfully and was established as a regular mailman.

Now it so happened that one of the addresses to which he delivered mail each day was the Brown home on Natchez Street. He began to notice the attractive girl that he occasionally saw at the Brown address. It pleased him no end when one morning she smiled as he handed her the mail for which she was apparently waiting. A few days later he found an opportunity to chat for a moment as he saw her sweeping the porch. Ansie, in turn, came to realize that she looked forward each morning to the hour when the mail would arrive. She liked the cheerful young man who often was heard whistling along his route. He was good-looking and dressed neatly. As time passed she noticed his happy disposition, his quick wit and his ease in conversation. After several dates together the acquaint-

ance grew into a romance and the romance led to the altar. On February 15, 1892, Ansie Brown and Austin McPheters were married. Some time after this event Austin changed his vocation and cast his future with the Great Northern Railroad.

This change in occupation required a move and a home was established in Leavenworth, Washington. Austin worked his way through various promotions until he became a regular passenger-train engineer. This meant goodbye to the home in Leavenworth



ANSIE (left) WITH MARIE AND KITTIE — 1891

and a move to Seattle where the trains would originate on which he would be the engineer. In the years subsequent to marriage two children were born to Ansie and Austin—a girl, Evelyn Jean, born September 29, 1894, and a boy, Rush Austin, born January 2, 1902. Both were always a source of pride and satisfaction to their parents.

During these years, 1900-1908, our Father and Mother owned the farm at Manor near Battle Ground in Clark County, Washington. Ansie and Austin loved to spend their vacation with the folks on the farm and it was a pleasure to have them come. At this time, besides Mother and Father, there were at home three children—Louie, Marie and Raymond. Austin enjoyed hunting and there were at his disposal, Father's shotgun and the dog, Bummer, a pointer. Pheasants were plentiful, not only on our farm, but also on neighboring ones. All enjoyed the ready-to-eat fruit gathered from the orchard. We had all fruits except peaches. They did not do well at Manor.

Beautiful peaches grew at Leavenworth. On one of her visits to Manor, Ansie planned to surprise us by bringing with her a crate of the finest Albertas. She wrapped the crate of peaches in a blanket



and put it in the trunk with all of her other things. Enter misfortune! The arrival of the trunk was delayed for several days. When it was opened, what had been nice, ripe peaches were now only seeds and the blanket was soaked with fermenting peach juice. Ansie was chagrined, but everyone thanked her for a thoughtful and generous effort.

There was another incident in which Ansie was a participant and which illustrates Father's sense of humor. After the milking was finished at the barn, Father had strained a bucket of warm, fresh milk and was on his way to the house. Several of us were under a pear tree selecting ripe fruit when Father came along. He set the bucket of milk on the ground as we stood and talked for a moment. Bummer, the dog, joined us and proceeded to the milk pail, sniffed a moment, and then did what dogs are wont to do, though usually by a tree. Some went into the milk. Ansie, filled with disgust, and thinking about the milk being ruined, said, "Oh, that nasty dog!" But Father, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "'Tis not lost. I'll strain it over again!" We all had to laugh. It was noted later that the milk went to the pig trough and a fresh supply was brought from the barn. From that time on the dog stood low in Ansie's estimation.

Austin's passenger-train run was from Seattle to Vancouver, B.C. It was a beautiful route, passing through forests, over rivers and across prosperous farm lands. Puget Sound could occasionally be seen on the one side and the Cascade Mountains on the other. June 10, 1907, was a warm, clear, sunny day. Austin was seated in the cab of his engine speeding merrily along. His fireman was checking the steam pressure gauge. All seemed well, when tragedy struck. On rounding a curve, as Austin was looking forward through his cab window, there suddenly appeared, coming straight at him, another engine pulling a passenger train. There was a resounding crash as the two steel monsters met head on. Then, except for the hissing of escaping steam, there was silence. Two engineers, one of whom was Austin, and a fireman, were dead. Several passengers were injured.

The investigation brought out the facts. There were two stations a few miles apart—one was Burard and the other, Burnaby. The engineer of the other train apparently misread his orders. He was to meet Austin's northbound train at Burard. Because of the similarity of the two station names, this engineer, when he glanced at his orders, read Burnaby into them and sped rapidly through Burard. The result was a collision and death for him as well as two innocent persons. After some time, the name of one of the stations was changed to avoid another mishap.

At the age of thirty-five Ansie was a widow with two children. As she looked toward the future she realized that personal economics demanded that she go to work. With forced interest she turned to a business course in stenography and typing. (It was



about this time that she began using her middle name of Jean and for the remainder of her years we all called her Jean). She studied and practiced her business courses diligently and became very proficient. For the next ten years she was employed by a lumber and mill corporation as a stenographer-typist and office manager.

During these years Jean went through the necessary procedure and became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. To join this organization it is required that a person prove direct descendency from an ancestor who served in the American Revolution. In our case this could be done through either our Father's or our Mother's forebears. There was Parley Brown who was killed at the Battle of White Plains and there was Isaac Crawford, Sr., in our mother's ancestry. Jean chose to use the Crawford name. Military records showed that Isaac Crawford, Sr., enlisted and served in the Revolutionary War.

It was during these years that our Mother's brother, John C. McDonald, bought a walnut orchard near Orange, California. He was a bachelor and frequently wrote to Jean asking her to come to keep house for him. After her daughter, Jean Evelyn, was married on December 26, 1918 and her son, Rush, was employed, Jean accepted the invitation. The home in Seattle was sold and from that time on her address was in Southern California. Uncle John McDonald's home was on West Chapman Street in Orange. It was about three miles from the home of his sister, Mary McDonald Parker, who lived with her husband, J. Everett Parker, in their orange-ranch home on North Batavia Street.

Our Mother, Jane E. Brown, when in Southern California, considered her home to be at her sister Mary's in Orange. This was in response to Aunt Mary's request because, as she said, "It makes a happy situation for the three of us." Along about this time Mother dropped the name of Jennie and began using the name of Jane.

Jean kept house for Uncle John for several years until his death in 1934. Her health was only fairly good. It is thought that she never fully recovered from an operation which took place before she left Seattle. She maintained a brave fight against illness and tried to be cheerful at all times. She always enjoyed the frequent family gatherings at our Aunt Mary's home and contributed to the occasions with her thoughtfully appropriate participation in conversation. Often she contributed, also, if a luncheon or dinner were involved, by making the dessert or the salad. Her cakes were a joy to the sight and to the taste.

A few extracts from our Mother's diary will give an idea of her activities at Orange during the years 1920 to 1937.

December 31, 1924. Went over to see Jean and John (Mother's brother, John McDonald), in the afternoon. They

came over to Mary's (her sister), brought oysters and had a fine oyster supper with us.

February 9, 1925. My birthday. Jean surprised me by bringing over a fine big birthday cake. She and John took supper with us. John got the ice cream. Had a lovely day. Jean had one of her headaches.

Sunday—February 22, 1925. John took Jean to Loma Linda Sanitorium for a few weeks. I will be at John's until Jean comes back.

March 31, 1925. John drove to Loma Linda. Evelyn and I went with him. Rained as we drove. Returned home at dark. Jean seemed a little improved.

Jean did get considerably better and returned home to Uncle John's. Several years later we find these entries in Mother's diary:

December 18, 1930. Alfred and Evelyn came to visit Jean—came by steamer to San Pedro, and John met them there.

December 26, 1930. We all, Evelyn, Alfred, Mary, Everett, Grace, Jean, John and I had Christmas dinner at John's. Jean took the responsibility for the dinner.

The years followed one after the other with Jean keeping house for Uncle John until his death in 1934. Then she, as administratrix of his estate, had certain duties to perform. Uncle John's home was sold and Jean bought an orange grove in Fullerton. She urged Mother to come to live with her and the two were quite comfortably situated. However, Mother was aging, and on January 16, 1937, at the age of eighty-two, the end came for her in a Fullerton hospital.

Jean was not well. She had been in poor health for many years. She was slowly weakening, and on April 12, 1939, she passed away in the home in Fullerton, California. Her daughter, Evelyn, wrote this about her: "Mother had many unfulfilled dreams, was always hopeful, looked for the ideal, was tender-hearted, loved flowers, loved friends and relatives, loved the beauty of the outdoors. She loved her son and daughter and took pride in their achievements."

So at the age of sixty-five life was finished for the first child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown.

DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their daughter, Ansie Jean  
and her husband, Austin McPheters*

GRANDCHILDREN

*Jean Evelyn McPheters*, born September 29, 1894, in Seattle, Washington. Married Alfred Bass December 26, 1918. Divorced, February 14, 1936. Married Bruce Robertson, April 13, 1941. He died in an airplane crash in Alaska, April 9, 1956.

*Rush Austin McPheters*, born January 2, 1902, in Seattle, Washington. Married Blanche Robinson. She died July 6, 1930, in Hemet, California. Married Helen Barrows a few years later and lived in Bakersfield until his death, October 22, 1964.

GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER

The daughter of Rush and Blanche McPheters, adopted by Jean Evelyn McPheters Bass, August 14, 1930.

(Through Ansie Jean—Rush)

Grace Jean McPheters, born September 27, 1927, in Hemet, California. Married Robert A. Avery, October 20, 1945, in Yuma, Arizona. He was born March 30, 1927.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

The children of Grace Jean and Robert Avery.

(Through Ansie Jean—Rush—Grace Jean)

Michael R. Avery, born December 8, 1946. Married Linda Lee Denison, August 6, 1966, in Anaheim, California. She was born June 5, 1947, in Silverton, Oregon.

David E. Avery, born December 25, 1948, in Modesto, California. Married Joy Ann Arnel, December 22, 1968, in Las Vegas, Nevada.



WILBUR McDONALD BROWN

1876-1965

(Second child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*He who walks on the intelligently optimistic side of the road is a pleasure to have as a guide and companion.*

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Boscobel, Muscoda, Prairie du Sac, Baraboo and Portage are names of towns which are situated along the Wisconsin River. To us they are not names of just any towns, but of very special locations because they were so closely tied to the early days in the married life of our Father and Mother, Rush and Jennie Brown. Home for them was the U.S. *Winneconne*, a side-wheeler river boat of which Rush was the engineer from about 1872 to 1876.

Boscobel is a delightful name to say and to think about. It brings up memories of stories told by Mother when we children asked her to "tell us about when you lived on a river boat." Boscobel is important to our family history for another reason. It was there, while



the *Winneconne* was tied up during wintry weather, that the second child was born, a boy, to whom the folks gave the name of Wilbur McDonald Brown. The date was January 28, 1876. Many years later Wilbur wrote, "My wife, Kathryn, laughingly likes to tell friends that I am hardy because I was born in the middle of winter, in below zero weather, on a river. My father had to break the ice on the river so he could get me a drink of water." Wilbur was named for his grandfather, Alexander McDonald, who was then fifty-nine years of age and the owner and operator of the principal hotel in Portage, the Ellsworth House. The name Wilbur was chosen in honor of a cousin of Father's who resided in New York State. This cousin was a successful attorney who lived and practiced in Syracuse "as a member of the firm of Bratt, Mitchell and Brown, who were for many years prominent and leading lawyers of Central New York. He never married. He left property in the sum of two-hundred thousand dollars to his relatives and friends. He was a man of superior ability, a tireless worker, genial, kindly, generous, sociable and of high character." (From *Recollections of Rev. C. E. Brown*).

When the Federal Government's study of the Wisconsin River was completed, Rush and Jennie Brown, with the two small children, Ansie and Wilbur, went back to Portage. Here our Father, Rush, became engineer with the City Fire Department. Home was a good sized apartment on the second floor of the new fire station building. In a letter written a few years ago, Wilbur, in thinking back over his childhood days, relates this incident which happened when he was six years old:

We lived in the Fire Department house on the second floor. A stair of twenty steps led from our hall door to the Hook and Ladder vehicle room on the first floor. A smooth, nicely painted bannister guarded the steps from top to bottom. It was fun for me to mount the bannister and slide down. One day I climbed onto my steed for a customary slide, mounting it as if it were truly my horse. I leaned too far over and fell to the floor about fourteen feet below. Did I yell! Mother, Aunt Mary, Ansie and two of the firemen rushed out and picked me up, carried me upstairs and put me to bed. I recall the whole scene vividly. The doctor was called. I soon fell asleep. After that I always *walked* down those stairs!

It was in Portage that Wilbur went through the elementary school grades. He had an unusually fine mind, was quick to learn his lessons, was courteous toward his teachers as well as all elders and always brought home a report card that showed the highest marks. Besides his older sister, Ansie, there were three younger children born into the family during these years in Portage—Kittie,

Fred and Louie. At one time all five youngsters were attending school in Portage. What a rush of activity there must have been in the home on a school morning when all were being dressed, breakfasted and sent on their way! What busy days for Mother!

The years in Portage, on the whole, were happy ones for the Brown family. Father enjoyed hunting prairie-chickens and ducks which were abundant along the Wisconsin River. Mother participated in the social activities found among friends and relatives. The children had many playmates and chums and all the usual experiences of normal boys and girls. During the last years in Portage, when Father was engineer for the City Water Department, the family lived in the home at The Point. It was a beautiful location with a grand view looking up the river to the distant hills.

Wilbur was twelve when, early in 1888, the family moved to Seattle. He continued to attend school and during vacations worked for the Western Union as a messenger boy. He was intrigued by the dot-dash system and the clicking of the telegraph instruments in the office as he waited for another message to deliver. The thought occurred to him that he could learn the Morse Code and become an operator. One of the men gave him a discarded transmitter which Wilbur took home and worked on until it was in fairly good condition. Because of his agile fingers and keen mind, he quickly became adept at tapping out words and sentences. The next vacation, at age seventeen, instead of being satisfied to remain a messenger boy, he applied at the A.D.T. (American District Telegraph) office for a position as telegraph operator. Father and Mother wondered if he were moving too rapidly into the workaday world of business, but Wilbur, with youthful enthusiasm, was thrilled with the idea and obtained their permission to take the necessary examination. He passed with ease the tests of sending and receiving messages. He was accurate and his speed was excellent. He was hired.

Late in 1893 Father decided that he wanted a complete change from operating steam power plants. After some deliberation and investigation he bought a farm in Missouri. By this time Wilbur had won the esteem of his company and was assigned as a regular telegraph operator in the Tacoma office, although he was only seventeen. Now that the family was going to Missouri, what should he do? He enjoyed his work, but for a youth he had much interest in and affection for his Mother and Father, sisters and brothers. A compromise was reached. He would stay on for a time with the telegraph company and later join the family on the farm.

Wilbur had a marked ability to write. He could have been successful professionally as a writer if he had realized his potential. In 1893, while only seventeen and employed as a railway telegrapher, he wrote a long letter to Father and Mother who were then in Missouri—a letter which told of his travel from Tacoma to Spokane by riding in the caboose of several freight trains. The

following excerpt from the letter tells of an incident which happened about midnight while he was waiting in a small railway station for his freight train to come along. The writing reminds one of Mark Twain:

There was no one in the station except the telegraph operator and me. I gave him a note telling him who I was. I had another note to the conductor of the freight train which would be along in a couple of hours. I sat down in an old arm chair and propped myself up against the wall. The operator had a stray cat, as skinny as an Irishman's goat, which he said had escaped from Sanger and Kents Combined Great American Shows. The cat, or framework of same, had taken up its residence at the station, evidently with a view to learning the telegraph business. I got hold of the cat and put it in my lap and let it go to sleep, but it was inclined to play. I was scratching its back and was half asleep myself when the first thing I knew, it grabbed my finger and had it half way down its throat. The cat was madder than a hornet. I swiped at it, which made it release its hold. Then it jumped to the floor and chased itself around the room. The operator said it was a nice cat, which of course must be so.

In 1894 he was at home with the family in Missouri and entered with enthusiasm into the chores and field work of the farm. He and his brother, Fred, were a real help to Father. At the time Louie was only ten and Raymond was a baby.

After five years in Missouri the family moved back to the Great Northwest and to the farm at Manor, Washington.

When the folks left to go back to the State of Washington Wilbur asked them if he might stay with a position as a telegrapher which he had obtained in Pleasant Hill, Missouri. Perhaps one of his reasons was the fact that he had become acquainted with a very attractive girl from whom he did not wish to be so far away. Her name was Kathryn Zick. Her father was a prominent citizen of Pleasant Hill as well as president of the bank. A romance developed and a wedding date was set. The marriage of Kathryn and Wilbur took place April 7, 1899.

Wilbur continued with his position as a railroad telegrapher in Pleasant Hill until his company asked if he would like to be transferred to the Chicago office. Wilbur's answer was, "Yes," and the answer was a decision which determined the entire future course of his life. He had been in the Chicago position a comparatively short time when a stock brokerage company offered him a position as a telegraph operator to handle its rapid communication wire service. Again Wilbur said, "Yes." In a year or so this company became Shearson and Hammill, one of the leading brokerage



houses in the nation today. Wilbur's intelligence and overall ability were soon noticed, and he was advanced from telegrapher to an active participant in the business as a licensed broker. This was about 1905 and for the next sixty years his business career was involved with the stock market. Forty-five years of this time were spent in Chicago and the last fifteen in Pasadena—always with Shearson, Hammill and Company.

Wilbur and Kathryn enjoyed those forty-five years in Chicago. They were participants in many activities and organizations in the Chicago area.

Wilbur, Jr., son of Wilbur and Kathryn, wrote recently as he thought about his father and the years in Chicago:

When I arrived upon the scene my father had become a successful stock broker. He was past master of the Woodlawn Park Masonic Lodge, held amateur championships at two Chicago Golf Clubs, was deacon in the Presbyterian Church and a district executive of the Boy Scouts of America. Incidentally, he was a top bridge player. His hobbies were hunting and fishing so that duck, geese and fresh fish often appeared on our table. Golf was his prime sport interest. He was good at it and amassed quite a collection of cups, trophies and medals. Duck hunting was second as his sport-love, and he sometimes went with fellow hunters as far as Beardstown in southern Illinois where ducks were plentiful.

My father's hand was never lifted against me, but how often I came to wish for a quick physical punishment instead of a talking to, which left me feeling as low as an ant, very ashamed of my misdeeds, and a feeling that I had really let him down. For example, a verbal punishment, which was short and to the point, occurred at the time I received a toy wind-up car for my birthday. I found it was great sport to wind it up and let it dash against the front porch concrete steps. Obviously it would not be new long. Dad noticed me from the window which soon opened, and as he tossed out a hammer, he said, "Here son, this will do the job quicker." I never abused a belonging from that day on.

I don't believe father ever lost a friend and I'm sure he had thousands. His mind bordered on the fantastic in remembering names of and personal briefs about everyone. He could quote prices on over a hundred stocks at the close of each day's market, knew baseball and football scores for the season, batting averages of players and a host of other facts and figures.

When Wilbur reached the age of seventy he retired from Shearson, Hammill and Company in Chicago. He and Kathryn moved



to Southern California. Their last years together were lived in their home on Del Rey Avenue in Pasadena. Wilbur had no sooner arrived in Pasadena than Shearson, Hammill and Company got in touch with him, saying that there were plans to open a branch office in Pasadena and asking if he would be willing to assist in the project. Wilbur said, "Yes"; so here he was back in the brokerage business again! Every business day, up until he was eighty-eight years of age, he was seen at his desk in the office on Green Street. He was mentally as sharp as ever and always gave good, conservative advice to his many clients. In the afternoons he kept up his interest in golf by joining friends at a nine-hole pitch and putt course. This he thoroughly enjoyed.

Wilbur's wife, Kathryn, passed away in 1957, and he was left to live alone in the home on Del Rey. The office, golf and extensive correspondence kept him busy. He liked his Buick and was a good driver. When he was eighty-three he entered upon a rather daring venture. He drove by himself from Pasadena to Colorado Springs. It is doubtful if any other octogenarian ever equaled such a feat.

In his eighty-eighth year Wilbur's health and general physical condition began to weaken. His heart began to show symptoms that caused concern. During a stay at St. Lukes Hospital, he broke his leg which was repaired by inserting a pin into the bone. While recuperating, he went to live with his son, Wilbur, Jr., and wife, Dorothy, in Woodland Hills. Wilbur enjoyed those last days. Wilbur, Jr., and Dorothy gave him excellent care and he, in turn, was good company and a model patient.

The end came, however, on April 23, 1965, when Wilbur was eighty-nine. His heart became tired. The last minutes are recalled by his daughter-in-law, Dorothy.

Dad and I were having a pleasant conversation about 4:30 in the afternoon. Quite suddenly he changed the conversation as an unusual feeling seemed to come over him and he said, "I'm not afraid to die. I had hoped to stay with you a little longer. I love you both."

I said to him, "Let me call Wilbur, Jr." who worked just minutes away and he replied, "No, there wouldn't be time." Then Dorothy adds, "He was gone, no fear, no pain, just peace."

#### DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their son, Wilbur M. Brown*

##### GRANDSON

*Wilbur M. Brown, Jr., born May 10, 1919, in Chicago, Illinois. Married Dorothy Holm June 8, 1957. Her father's name was Albert Holm. He was born October 5, 1880, in Michigan. Her mother was Anna Holm, born April 29, 1883.*



JANET MAY (KITTIE) BROWN REEDER  
1878-1955

(Third child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*How wonderful it is to start another day.  
Each morn is a fresh chance to seek happiness,  
and to look for the love and goodness which  
must be all about us.*

JANET MAY BROWN was born July 9, 1878. The name, Janet May, seldom was used by playmates or by her older brother and sister. The nickname by which she came to be called, probably because it was easier for them to say, was Kittie. Strangely enough it was a name that stayed with her all of her life. There was a time when she liked the name, Nettie, but usually she was known as Kittie.

Kittie was the third child in the family. She was preceded by Ansie, four years old, and Wilbur, who was two. She was born while home was the apartment on the second floor of the fire station and Father was engineer for the Portage Fire Department.

Her first nine years were spent in Portage. During the last two of these nine years the family moved to the fine home which was located on The Point, at the upper end of Portage. From here there was a spectacular view for miles up the Wisconsin River.

She enjoyed school and, like Ansie and Wilbur, did exceptionally well in her studies. She liked her teachers and conversely each teacher enjoyed having the animated, striving-to-please little girl in her class. Whenever a school program was given Kittie was asked to learn and recite a poem. This she always did with enthusiasm. On one occasion she recited with spirit and feeling, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." Her performance was so good that her classmates were filled with eager approbation.

Kittie always was being invited to parties given by little girls of her own age. She had a lively spirit and entered into games with a special enjoyment, radiating her happiness to playmates. Her ready responsiveness was tempered by an innate sense of courtesy and consideration for the feelings of others.

Sunday morning found her attending Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church. It was a place she could go with her older brother and sister, Wilbur and Ansie. This was always an eagerly awaited event of the week. She liked her teacher. She liked the Bible stories. She liked to be all dressed up and meet with her young friends.

Those were happy days for the three Brown children. That is, there were *three* until September 16, 1880, when a baby brother was born who was named Louie. Kittie was glad to have a small brother. She took special delight in helping Mother take care of the baby. Her interest in dolls had waned some time before, but now a responsive chord was struck, and she found pleasure in taking some degree of responsibility for looking after her small brother.

The years have a habit of moving relentlessly and rapidly along, and early in 1888 the family moved to Seattle. Children adjust easily to change and in a short time Kittie had formed warm, new friendships in her Natchez Street environment. She picked up quickly the threads of girlhood life in a new setting and continued to enjoy the activities pertaining to school, family and friends. She was an interested and cooperative participant in the plans and details of the wedding of her older sister, Ansie, which took place April 15, 1892.

It was after the family had moved to Missouri in 1893 that Kittie really came into her own. She was now sixteen and the 'life of the family.' She was pretty, vivacious, and responsive in any situation. Her ready wit in conversation added to the pleasure of others. Even if she had wanted it otherwise she could not help being the center of interest at any one of the many young folks' parties. Neither could she help it if young men noticed her and liked to be beneficiaries of her smiles and attentions.



At eighteen, Kittie was teaching in a rural school not far from home. She was thrilled at earning money and although her salary was small she took pleasure in doing things for others with it. She bought her younger four-year-old brother, Raymond, a beautiful outfit to wear when it was required that he be dressed up. It consisted of knee-length pants with a fancy jacket to match and a white blouse with a large, white lace-trimmed collar. There were a white Windsor tie and a beret-type cap. The effect was so pleasing to Kittie that she took her four-year-old brother to an Adrian photographer and had his picture taken. The pictures turned out perfectly and are still in the family.

The young man who gradually won Kittie's affection was the son of the neighbor who owned the adjacent farm. His name was Len Reeder. It is said that the walls to her heart came tumbling down on the evening he came to take her for a ride in a brand new buggy pulled by a fine, fast horse. Len was a frequent caller thereafter. The romance progressed and led to the wedding which took place March 30, 1898.

*The Adrian Journal* of April 3, 1958, reprinted 'News Items of 60 Years Ago.' In it appeared the following: "A very pretty wedding occurred at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brown of Grand River township Wednesday night. The bride was their daughter, Janet M., and the groom was Len C. Reeder. Reverend H. M. Risley, pastor of the M.E. Church of Adrian, officiated."

For a year or two after the wedding Len and Kittie lived near Adrian. Then Len, having heard of the mining activity in Colorado, decided to venture to that area. It was a decision that determined his life work. In the meantime a baby boy had been born on January 3, 1899. He was given the name of James Brown Reeder. Now Kittie, who had always been so good about caring for her baby brothers and her sister, Marie, had a real baby of her own. How thrilled she was! How lovingly and carefully she tended to his needs! She selected the middle name of Brown in honor of her family, and Brown he was usually called thereafter.

It was in 1900 that Len, with Kittie and the baby, moved to Pueblo, Colorado, where he obtained employment for a time at the smelter. While at this work he applied for and obtained the position of brakeman on the railroad which carried ore from the mining region near Cripple Creek. For the time being a home was established in Pueblo.

It was there that the second child was born. Again Kittie was delighted because she wanted a baby girl. Her happiness knew no bounds. The birthdate was April 22, 1902, and the name chosen for her daughter was Lucy Marie.

The following year Kittie and the two children went to visit her folks who were living on the farm home at Manor, Washington. All were delighted to see them. Brown was a very good-looking boy of four and Lucy Marie was as pretty as a doll. The days of



the visit passed far too rapidly. Father and Mother enjoyed their daughter and their two grandchildren. Louie, Marie and Raymond were entranced with their young nephew and niece and their older sister, Kittie.

After a short sojourn in Cameron, Colorado, Len and Kittie moved to Colorado Springs and bought the home at 1219 West Colorado Boulevard. This was their home for many years, in fact, for the rest of their lives.

A third child was born May 17, 1907—a boy who was named Robert Ronald. Kittie was pleased, as there were then two boys and a girl—just what she had wanted, and she felt that her family was complete.

During the years in which Colorado Springs was home, Kittie was actively interested in the church and other community organizations. She had many dear friends. Then there were her children and later, her grandchildren. She had a devoted interest in all of them, as well as in her Mother and Father, her brothers and sisters and in fact, all of her relatives. Len's cousin, Lon Reeder, and his family lived in Colorado Springs. The two Reeder families were together frequently. Their daughter, Rita, and Lucy Marie were close friends and remained so always.

At this point it is well to bring in items from Mother's (Jane E. Brown's) diary:

Feb. 15, 1927. I left Kansas City at 8:45 a.m., reached Colorado Springs at 4:00 o'clock. Kit (Kittie) and Arthur met me at the depot. In the evening Kit drove me to the hospital to see her daughter, Marie, and my new great-grandchild, Norma-Lou. Marie feels well and Norma-Lou is dear and pretty.

July 17, 1927. I am leaving Kittie's to return to Orange. Len, Kittie, Marie and Art came with me to the station. Kittie and Marie gave me crystal beads. Len presented me with a new \$5.00 bill, and Arthur gave me a souvenir letter-opener as I was leaving. Kittie was in tears.

July 25, 1931. I have been at Fred's home in Portland all this week. Florence will arrive from California tomorrow.

Kittie will arrive from Colorado Springs tomorrow also. Kittie arrived on time. Both Fred and Louie met her at Portland Station and brought her here to Fred's, where I had dinner ready. Stanley also came and Claude was here. Next day Louie came and took Kittie and me to his farm home at Manor, near Vancouver, Washington.

August 27th, 1931. Louie brought Kittie and me to Fred's this P.M. and has taken Kittie and Florence to the baseball game at Portland tonight.

Kittie enjoyed these visits to her brothers' and sisters'. It broke the routine of regular life in Colorado Springs. During these years Wilbur was living in Chicago, Fred in Portland, Louie at Manor, Marie in Seattle and Ansie and Raymond in Southern California.

The years passed routinely for Kittie in the home on West Colorado Boulevard in Colorado Springs. She took pleasure in her children and in her grandchildren, many of whom lived nearby, and she never forgot her Mother. Here is an excerpt from one of her letters to her Mother: "Mama dear, I am so glad to get cards from you, as you say so much on a card and you have so many to write to. You have always been the most thoughtful Mother in the world and always, always have used such good judgment with all of us. Oh, how much I love you."

In 1954 Kittie had a stroke which left part of her body paralyzed and, after a lingering illness, she passed away in her home on March 5, 1955. During the long illness preceding death, her daughter, Marie, assumed the responsibility of the loving care of her mother. No daughter could have served her mother better.

Kittie's son, Brown, recently wrote the following as he thought about his mother:

She was and still is the greatest influence for good that I can remember. As I look back on my childhood, I recall that she and she alone was responsible for the atmosphere of happiness and well-being that was ever present in our home. We were poor, but because of her we didn't know it. My Mother had the most mirthful, hearty laugh that I ever heard, and during times of adversity it usually managed to straighten things out. I've never known anyone who was so proud of her background and her family, and she instilled that same pride in her children. She also taught us the value of knowledge and how necessary it was to be able to enunciate and speak clearly and well. She read to us whenever time permitted. She made Bible stories come alive and we never tired of her accounts of her childhood in Portage, Wisconsin. She made and helped me fly my first kite. She could not swim, but she took me to a nearby millpond when we were living in Adrian, Missouri, and sat on the bank while I learned. She was afraid of lightning and always gathered her children together on the feather bed during thunder storms. What a courageous person she was! In 1905 we lived high in the mountains of Colorado in a small town called Cameron. Two days before Christmas Mamma took me on the train with her to Cripple Creek, some five miles away, where she exchanged her year's savings of Green trading stamps and a little cash for presents for the whole family. We had to come back on the electric line that only went as far as Hoosier Pass. Now Hoosier Pass, through the woods and up the mountain, was over a mile from our house. We left

Cripple Creek about dusk, loaded with packages. We didn't know that a snow storm had swept through the pass while we were gone. When we stepped off the car, more than a mile from home, we were in about two feet of snow. We started down that trail and the farther we went, the deeper the snow became. We fought our way along for what seemed like an eternity and I didn't see how we could possibly make it, but my mother never gave up. Finally we saw lanterns coming toward us. My father had organized a search party and they found us just in time, or we might have frozen to death.

My mother was so appreciative of little things. One summer I saved enough to buy her a new copper-bottomed wash boiler. The price, as I remembered it, was about two dollars and fifty cents. I'll never forget how happy it seemed to make her. She loved people, even when they imposed on her. Many times we had friends and relatives stay with us when I knew that she was so tired she could hardly move and yet she never complained. When I was 14 I developed a bone disease of some kind in my right hip that put me to bed in traction for almost a year. Never ever will I forget her endless energy and patience while nursing me. When she passed away it left a void that can never be filled, but I thank God every day for the time that He shared her with us and for giving us such a wonderful mother.

J. Brown Reeder

#### DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their daughter, Janet May, "Kittie,"  
and her husband, Len Reeder*

#### GRANDCHILDREN

*James Brown Reeder*, born January 3, 1899, in Adrian, Missouri. Married Grace Dexter Britt, April 24, 1929. She was born June 23, 1907, in Sallis, Mississippi. Her father's name was James John Britt. Her mother's maiden name was Virgie Beatrice McDaniel.

*Lucy Marie Reeder*, born April 22, 1902, in Pueblo, Colorado. Married Arthur X. Johnson, September 23, 1925. He was born May 23, 1897, in Ordway, Colorado.

*Robert Ronald Reeder*, born May 17, 1907, in Adrian, Missouri. Married Dorothy Jones, 1949. She was born July 17, 1917, in Iowa. Robert died March 19, 1958.



#### GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of James Brown and Grace Reeder

(Through Kittie—J. Brown)

James Arthur Reeder, born June 29, 1933, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Married Leone Guthrie, December 30, 1958.

Sally Marie Reeder, born October 8, 1936, in Marshall, Texas. Married Jules E. Schneider.

Daughter of Lucy Marie and Arthur X. Johnson

(Through Kittie—Lucy Marie)

Normalou Johnson, born February 4, 1927, in Colorado Springs. Married William Schwab, August 24, 1946. Marriage ended in divorce. Married Jack A. Cook, December 23, 1960. He was born in Hollywood, California.

Daughter of Robert Ronald and Dorothy Reeder

(Through Kittie—Robert)

Janet Kay Reeder, born December 7, 1949, in Colorado Springs. Married Richard A. Hayhurst.

#### GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of James Arthur and Leone Reeder

(Through Kittie—J. Brown—James Arthur)

Mary Virginia Reeder, born November 3, 1959, in Austin, Texas.

James Arthur Reeder, Jr., born May 11, 1961, in Shreveport, Louisiana.

Elizabeth Colby Reeder, born November 2, 1963.

Children of Jules and Sally Marie Schneider

(Through Kittie—J. Brown—Sally)

Susan Britt Schneider, born September 27, 1962, in Dallas, Texas.

John Baker Schneider, born July 14, 1968, in Fort Worth Texas.

Children of William and Normalou Schwab

(Through Kittie—Lucy Marie—Normalou)

William A. Schwab II, born October 24, 1947. Married Marlene DeWitt, June 20, 1969.

Jane Marie Schwab, born March 26, 1950. Died June 1, 1969, as the result of an automobile accident.

Arthur Paul Schwab, born January 9, 1954.

Daughter of Richard and Janet Kay Hayhurst

(Through Kittie—Robert—Janet Kay)

Kimberly Diane, born September 28, 1969, in Colorado Springs.





FRED RUSH BROWN

1880-1953

(Fourth child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

He believed that,

*"A conscientious regard for all spiritual  
and eternal things is an indispensable  
element of all true greatness."*

— Webster

ZONA GALE in one of her books, wrote, "Portage, Wisconsin. It seems strange that the majority of the people in the United States have not heard of it. On one bank of the river it lies. Homes border the bank with lawns sloping down to lilacs and willows. The current is lazy and preoccupied with leisure for eddies. On the opposite shore is a feathery second growth of maples and hickory trees, looking as if they must shelter white temples. On such a scene our back doors and windows look out as folk occupying box seats."

It was into this scene that Fred Rush Brown was born and where

he lived the first seven years of his life. He was born July 9th, 1880. When he arrived there were three children in the home ahead of him—Ansie, age seven, Wilbur, age four and Kittie, age two. It can be imagined that Mother was very busy taking care of three active youngsters, together with the new addition, a baby boy. It also can be imagined that Father was a busy man with a family of six to feed and clothe. It is well that he was capable and had a good position as engineer of the Portage Water Department.

The baby was given the middle name of Rush, after his Father. The years sped along and he soon entered the elementary school which his older sisters and brother attended. When school opened that certain September, Kittie took her young brother by the hand, walked him with the others and proudly presented him to the teacher in the first grade room. Fred liked his teacher, liked school and did exceptionally well in the 'three R's.' He had finished the second grade when Father decided to leave Portage. Father had come to realize that he could progress no farther there in his chosen vocation. He was urged by friends to come to Seattle as it was a growing, bustling, young city, with many opportunities.

In the early part of 1888 the move was made. Father quickly found a position as engineer of the Seattle Cable Car System. Home was on Natchez Street which later became 19th Avenue. The children, including Fred, attended school regularly during the time that the family lived in Seattle, which was approximately five years. It was in 1893 that Father decided to change vocations and made the move to the farm in Missouri (as has been noted elsewhere in this book.)

Fred enjoyed life on the farm in Bates County, Missouri. He liked the freedom that open space allowed. He liked his pets. He liked going to school with his brothers and sisters. He liked to please Father and Mother with successful completion of daily chores.

One day while Fred and Wilbur were hiking in the woods at the lower end of the farm they noted a crow's nest high in a tree. Fred climbed the tree and helped himself to a newly hatched young crow. He and Wilbur took it to the barn where a nest was made in a box. It took a few weeks of feeding and care by the two boys but in the end they were rewarded by having a very tame and mischievous crow which was a delight to all.

It should be admitted, however, that the crow was not always a delight to Marie, age seven, and Raymond, three. Often while they were playing in the yard he would fly down from a tree and attempt to alight on their heads, causing them to scream and run. But Wilbur, Fred and Louie enjoyed their pet.

One time the boys discovered that rats had gnawed a hole in the floor of the corn-bin in the barn. There was a considerable amount of corn in one corner of the bin. The rats were a nuisance and Father wished to get rid of them. Fred conceived a plan. He tied a long string to a shingle and placed it on the floor beside the hole.

The boys watched through a crack. Several rats arrived and were eating the corn when Fred pulled the string, sliding the shingle over the hole. The noise made the rats dash for their exit which no longer existed. Never were there such consternation and confusion among dumbfounded rats! They probably wondered, "Where did the hole go?" Their lives were quickly dispatched, giving a feeling of successful achievement to the boys.

Fred was a normal, bright boy, who, among other things, loved to read. He enjoyed stories of adventure and exploration, of Indians and outlaws. He read tales of sheriffs who were 'quick on the draw' and because of this quickness were able to capture many a badman. The thought of being 'fastest on the draw' captured Fred's imagination. He wondered if he could be fast in whipping out a sixshooter. He decided to explore the possibility. It so happened that Father kept a revolver in a dresser drawer in the downstairs bedroom where he and Mother slept. One morning Fred went into the bedroom and found the gun. When he saw that it was not loaded he placed it inside the belt of his trousers and began drawing it out quickly, aiming at his image in the mirror and pulling the trigger. Five times he repeated the procedure. Each time he seemed to improve. It seemed an easy maneuver. For the sixth time he placed the gun in his belt, hesitated a moment, then drew, aimed and pulled the trigger. There was a terrific bang and a shattering of the mirror! Fred was startled! He was frightened! What would Father say? Mother came rushing into the room. She, too, looked frightened. "What happened?" she asked. "Oh Fred, are you all right? What were you doing?"

Fred, who showed signs of crying, soon regained his composure and explained that he was practicing the 'fast draw.' Mother calmed him and said she was very glad he was not hurt.

"But what will Father say?" asked Fred.

Sometime later Mother met Father as he was coming in from the fields. She told him about the event of the morning. Fred rather dreaded his Father's arrival for he expected a scolding. However, to his relief, Father said, "Son, I'm blaming myself, not you. I thought I had taken all the shells out of that gun. I'm very thankful that you were not hurt."

The broken-mirror episode ended Fred's interest in becoming a sheriff and being 'fastest on the draw.'

The years passed along and Fred grew to young manhood. There was a serious side to his character which caused him to think of his future. He often asked himself, "What work will I get into that I am fitted for? What can I make of myself? What about office work? What about railroad office work?"

Father encouraged Fred to give careful consideration to the latter. Father was influenced by the success of his cousin, W. C. Brown, who learned telegraphy and started as an operator at Charles City, Iowa, for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. He advanced from



that position, a step at a time, until he finally became president of the New York Central Railroad.

Fred wrote a letter of application for office work and sent it to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. He received an answer and after further exchange of communications and the filling out of numerous forms, the reply came that he had been accepted. Fred was excited, yet filled with mixed emotions at the thought of leaving home and entering the business world.

It was early in the year of 1899. The family had lived in Missouri for approximately five years. Father had become disillusioned about prospects of reasonable profits from farming in that area. He longed for the West, especially the State of Washington. He put the farm in the hands of realtors in the towns of Adrian and Butler and before long it was sold.

It was just at this time that Fred received his assignment to report to the office of the Railroad in Chicago. It was a good looking, neatly dressed young man who said goodbye and waved farewell from the train. Mother had tears in her eyes, just as she did some time before when Wilbur left for Pleasant Hill, Missouri, where he had obtained a position.

The family was growing smaller. Wilbur and Fred had left home. Kittie was gone also, for she had recently married. So when the family left Missouri in 1899 there were only five members—Father, Mother and the three children, Louie, Marie and Raymond.

Fred liked the position in the office of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad in Chicago. He found those with whom he worked to be very friendly, and he in turn was considerate of those with whom he was associated. Being endowed with a keen mind, he quickly learned the routine of handling the paper work in connection with the purchasing, warehousing and shipment of supplies. He had found a suitable room in a private home, so it seems his first venture into a world away from home was working out satisfactorily. Mother wrote letters to him frequently and he was good about replying promptly.

Fred's brother, Wilbur, had married Kathryn Zick on April 7, 1899, and they were living in Pleasant Hill, Missouri. A letter which Kathryn wrote to our Mother mentions Fred:

A letter from Fred to Wilbur received this morning tells of his promotion to Chief Clerk in the Supply Department. I am glad, for Fred is a good, deserving boy and we love him dearly. Tomorrow I will write and ask Fred to come down the morning of December 24th and be with us Xmas. He could leave here Xmas night and be back to work Tuesday morning. Will you insist upon his coming, Mother, for it will be so lonesome for him alone in Chicago? Your loving Kathryn."

So Fred and Wilbur and Kathryn had Christmas together in St. Joseph, Missouri.



Fred continued to advance in his work, winning the confidence of the top officers of the company. By 1908 he had shown such ability that he was asked if he would like to be placed in charge of the Supply Division in St. Joseph, Missouri. This was another promotion and Fred promptly answered in the affirmative. This decision meant more than was realized at the time because later, while living in St. Joseph, he met an attractive girl named Florence Westpheling who, in 1909, became his wife. Fred was now twenty-nine. Florence was born in St. Joseph on April 7, 1886, which would make her twenty-three. Their first child, Fred, Jr., was born June 9, 1910, and the second child, Claude Raymond, was born in Aurora, Illinois, October 18, 1911.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad had a semi-merger or working agreement with the Union Pacific. In 1912 the latter company asked if it might have Fred Brown as the general manager of its Warehousing and Supply Division in Portland, Oregon. Fred gladly accepted the assignment because he would then be closer to the other members of the family. Too, when given a choice, he preferred to live in the West.

Fred's business activities for the next years are outlined in this article by his son, Claude:

About 1918 father left the Railroad to become plant manager for the Guy M. Standifer Shipbuilding Corporation in Vancouver, Washington. He remained with this company until 1921. With the closing of the yard and the selling of all the equipment, Dad left to become the first manager of the Port of Vancouver, a position he established and put on a firm business basis. While occupying this position he was admitted to practice before the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, D.C., as an expert in Inland Waterway Transportation. He made several trips to Washington, D.C., to appear before the Commission in connection with construction of the lower Columbia River Bridge at Long View, Washington. He argued for a high bridge rather than a draw-span which would impede water traffic to the Upper Columbia ports, including Portland and the Inland Empire. He was entirely successful with his arguments and today a high bridge stands at Long View.

From 1932 to 1942 we lived in Portland where Dad was with the Army Engineers as an Inland Waterways specialist. His next move was to join the Guy F. Atkinson Construction Co. as auditor. This meant a move to Long Beach, California, where this Company had the contract to build the Naval Base. When this was completed he went with the same Company to Richland, Washington, during the construction of the Atomic Plant.

After this, Dad and Mother moved back to Portland where he rejoined the Army Engineers with which organization he remained until his death.

In his earlier adult life Dad loved fly fishing. Later we all went camping a good deal in summer months. This, Mother loved too. For a time he liked to play golf, but in later life Dad led a quieter life, enjoying bridge, at which he and Mother were experts, and reading, which always was his favorite pastime.

Dad was a quiet, gentle man of deep convictions. He was respected and loved by all who knew him well. While he was serious minded, he also had a subtle sense of humor. He was an honorable man who had the love and loyalty of his family—and this was his greatest satisfaction.

#### DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their son, Fred R. Brown*

##### GRANDCHILDREN

*Frederick Rush Brown, Jr.*, born June 9, 1910, in St. Joseph, Missouri. Married Martha Wespeling. Frederick died September 9, 1970, in Portland, Oregon.

*Claude Raymond Brown*, born October 18, 1911, in Aurora, Illinois. Married Mary Jane Brown. She was born May 19, 1916, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her father was Carl Samuel Brown. Her mother's maiden name was Madeline Ellen Dowling.

##### GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Frederick, Jr., and Martha Brown  
(Through Fred—Frederick, Jr.)

James Timothy Brown  
Mary Frances Brown  
Molly Anne Brown  
Nancy Elizabeth Brown  
Stephen Brown

Children of Claude and Mary Jane Brown  
(Through Fred—Claude)

Bridget Ann Brown, born January 6, 1947.  
Michael Frederick Brown, born March 2, 1948.  
Paul Mathew Brown, born July 6, 1952.  
Claudia Ellen Brown, born March 19, 1953.  
Mary Kate Brown, born July 30, 1954.  
Molly Jennifer Brown, born March 13, 1964.



LOUIE LOCKWOOD BROWN

1884-1966

(Fifth child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*"Because he lived, a man in need  
Was grateful for a kindly deed  
And ever after tried to be  
As thoughtful and as fine as he."  
—Edgar Guest*

THE FIFTH CHILD of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown was born in Portage, Wisconsin, September 16, 1884. He was the newest arrival in a family in which he found two sisters and two brothers—Fred, who was four years old, Ansie, eleven, Kittie, six and Wilbur, eight. How busy Mother must have been with the cooking, sewing, laundering, housekeeping and the mothering of five healthy, active youngsters. One imagines the relief it must have been to Mother and Father when at night the children were tucked away cozily in bed.

Louie was three when goodbyes to Portage were said and the move



was made to Seattle. There Father became the engineer at the plant where power was developed to operate the cable car system. In due time Louie started to school and thoroughly enjoyed it. One afternoon, on returning home, he was beaming with satisfaction and said, "Mama, I can write! I can write, 'I see a cat.' Let me show you!" Pencil and paper were found and Louie wrote the sentence correctly. But the amusing discovery to Mother was the manner in which he wrote the sentence. He began at the right hand side of the paper and wrote the sentence backwards! It was perfectly copied from the teacher's blackboard. It began with 't' and ended on the left with a capital 'I'. Mother praised her little son for his achievement as a sentence writer, realizing that his elation was good for the growth of a healthy ego. Soon enough, perhaps tomorrow, he would learn that sentences are written from left to right.

Louie was sixteen when the family moved to the farm at Manor. He was a capable and conscientious boy and Father found that he could assume responsibility and be depended upon to assist greatly with the work. During the haying season he would work atop the hay on the wagon as the men on the ground pitched it up to him. He could keep the load growing evenly and symmetrically so that there would be no slip-off as the huge load of loose hay traveled toward the barn. During the thrashing season he could be seen high up at the front of the thrashing machine. His job was to cut the twine on the bundles of grain as they were tossed up to him on their way to the mouth of the separator where roaring rotating disks separated the grain from the straw.

When it came to laying out and digging a drainage ditch, Louie could take a ball of twine with several small stakes and a shovel and in a few days have as straight a ditch as was ever mapped by a surveying crew.

With the work of re-roofing the large barn, Father gave his seventeen year old son much responsibility. Louie responded by using the chalk line with accuracy and nailing the shakes neatly in their long, straight rows. A hired man carried the bundles of shakes up the ladder and placed them where needed. When the job was completed, Louie was given the credit for as good-looking and neat a roof as ever was put on a barn.

How good it is for any young man's ego to be praised for successful achievements! Father and Mother assigned their children tasks which were within their ability to perform and gave praise for successes. Such recognition surely contributed to the development of normal, healthy egos.

Manor had a good baseball team which was supported enthusiastically by the community. The uniforms were gray with blue trim, and the word MANOR appeared across the shirt front. In the league were the villages of Pioneer, Eureka, Camas, Brush Prairie and others. One of the best players covered second base. He was Louie Brown.



Not far from the house, at the edge of the orchard, there were two bee hives which contained vigorously active swarms of bees. It was surmised that there must be a goodly supply of honey in those hives. How to get it was a topic which had been discussed many times. It was remembered that bees could sting! One time Louie overheard a neighbor telling Father how, when he wanted to take honey from his bee hives, he 'smoked the bees'—that is, he blew smoke into the hives. This rendered the bees harmless and the honey could be taken with ease. The next day Father and Mother drove into Vancouver. Louie thought about 'smoking the bees', and how pleased the folks would be to find a pan of honey when they returned. How delighted they would be that he, Louie, had solved the honey problem. Although Father did not smoke, there was a cigar in the house that had been given to him. Louie got the cigar. He proceeded cautiously around to the back of one of the hives, lit the cigar, bent down and blew smoke into a small screened vent hole. He stayed in this bent-over position, puffing and blowing smoke into the hive for ten or more minutes until he thought the bees must be stupified into a harmless state. Now to get the honey! When he stood up he suddenly found he was not steady on his feet—the trees in the orchard, the house and the ground were blurred and going 'round and 'round. He felt dizzy. He felt sick to his stomach and he lost his breakfast. He got to the house, then to his bed and lay down. When the folks got back from town some time later, they found a very pale, chagrined son. He explained what had happened and how much he had wanted to surprise them. He was assured that they sympathized with his desire to please and appreciated his motive. The next day Louie was himself again. It should be added that in his entire life that was the first and last time he ever smoked any form of tobacco—or tried to get honey out of a bee hive.

On an adjacent farm lived Addie Bolin, an attractive girl, with whom Louie fell in love. The romance developed and they set a wedding date. On December 14, 1904, in Vancouver, Washington, they were married. A home was established in Leavenworth, Washington, where Louie went to work for the Great Northern Railroad as a fireman. The work was extremely strenuous, for in those days of coal-burning engines all coal was shoveled by hand into the roaring furnace of the enormous locomotives. Louie was not a large, robust man and it was a miracle that he survived those years of man-killing toil, shoveling tons of coal into a furnace which burned it as fast as two hands and a youthful body could supply it.

Louie's perseverance and conscientious attention to details attracted the notice of officials. After a few years as a fireman he was promoted to engineer and given a switch-engine position in the freight yards in the Interbay section of Seattle. Compared to the work as fireman on trains out of Leavenworth, this was far less strenuous and, on the whole, Louie enjoyed it. An opportunity arose for him to transfer to similar work in Vancouver, Washington, and

then in Portland. Louie accepted both of these changes.

An incident occurred while he was engineer of a switch-engine in the Portland yards where passenger trains were made up. While switching a private car and connecting it onto a passenger train, Louie learned that the occupant of the private car, with his staff, was W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad. Louie knew that W. C. Brown was a first cousin of his Father and sent a message to him in his car. In a few minutes appeared our distinguished cousin, walking along past the various coaches up to the engine, where he greeted Louie warmly. They exchanged greetings and family information for some time. The remainder of the train crew stood back in open-eyed astonishment as they saw the railroad president and their engineer in such informal and enjoyable conversation. Among other things, W. C. Brown wanted to know about his first cousin, Rush S. Brown, for they had known each other well in former years. As the train had to be made up, goodbyes were said and Mr. Brown returned to his private car.

The goal of any young man starting as a fireman on a railroad is to become eventually a passenger-train engineer. This was true of Louie, and it came to pass. He was punctual, capable, conscientious and most dependable—traits which earned him recognition. In due time he was promoted to the position of freight-train engineer and finally became a passenger-train engineer on the S.P. and S. (Seattle, Portland and Spokane Railroad). He had reached his goal and had his own regular run.

After a year or two, it occurred to Louie that there was no higher attainment to strive for in railroading. He had become tied firmly to engines, time-schedules, semiphores, speed, curves, bridges, lunch-pails, overalls and cows-on-the track. Was this the end? Was this, after all, what he really wanted? Surely there must be something more satisfying to his constant inner urge for greater achievement.

He realized he was still a young man, only thirty! He now had two sons—Donald, who was born September 22, 1905, and Stanley, born May 25, 1913. Louie wondered, as he contemplated the future, "Why not enjoy the independence and the open-air freedom of a farm?" After many periods of discussion with his wife, Addie, the die was cast. It would be a farm, preferably back at Manor, Washington, where he and Addie had lived as youths.

The farm he selected and purchased was adjacent to the home where he had lived with his folks as a seventeen, eighteen and nineteen year old young man. It was a level farm with good soil, an orchard, a home and a large barn. Here Louie, Addie and the two boys, Donald and Stanley, proceeded to carry on the usual farm activities—growing crops such as potatoes, corn and hay, raising pigs for the market, keeping chickens for egg production and in general living a healthful, satisfying life. Louie was a perfectionist. There could not be a weed in his large potato fields. The rows of corn had to be straight. The cows had to be the best Jerseys, the pigs, the



best Berkshires and the chickens, the best White Leghorns. He took pride in the farm—in its neatness, its orderliness and the excellent crops it produced. For thirty years the interests and activities of Louie and Addie revolved around the farm and community at Manor, Clark County, Washington.

Louie found great interest in homely, unusual events which arose in farm life. For example, in a swamp at the lower end of his farm he discovered a nest of wild Mallard ducks. There were fourteen eggs. Quickly a thought flashed through his mind and he went into action—take eight of the eggs and place them under a setting-hen in an eggless nest in the barn. The thought was converted into a reality and in a couple of weeks there appeared in the barnyard a mother hen with eight very pretty ducklings. She was proud of her offspring, never realizing they were not of her own kind. She became very concerned when, one morning after a rain, the youngsters found a pool of water and went swimming with enthusiasm and delight, while the mother-hen clucked and clucked with astonishment. In due time the wild ducks were tame ducks and were a great satisfaction to Louie. They were beautifully colored and pretty to look at. Their wings were kept clipped so they could not fly away. However, after a year or so, Louie let their wings grow. One morning he felt a tinge of sadness as he saw his ducks rise upwards and soar away to join a flock of Mallards which were flying overhead. They had answered the call of the wild.

Louie's musical talent was evidenced by his ability to play the harmonica. Let any tune be mentioned, especially a folk song, and he would dash it off with confidence. A scene never to be forgotten was a social gathering of neighbors with Louie, seated at the piano, playing chords to accompany his harmonica. This small instrument was held in his mouth by a rod and wire support resting on his shoulders. His music struck a happy response from his listeners. It lifted them out of the commonplace into a state of wholesome enjoyment. They liked to hear such good old tunes as *Annie Laurie*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Rock of Ages*, *We're Tenting Tonight*, *Home on the Range* and numerous others.

Louie was now in his sixties and his age began to suggest that the hard work and heavy lifting, which is a part of farm work, should be curtailed. What should be the next move? Why not Southern California? He liked the thought. It was not long before the farm was sold and Louie and Addie were on the way to Orange. There in 1943 he rented the home and walnut orchard, which had formerly been owned by our Uncle John McDonald. For the next three years Louie raised turkeys. Again, his turkeys had to be the very best. Anything less than the best was not good enough for him, so success in the venture was inevitable.

Age spoke again, and this time suggested that he retire. He bought a home in Fullerton, California. It was a neat, modest, almost new house with a large backyard containing avocado, orange and lemon

trees. There was plenty of space for flowers, and he and Addie found enjoyment in producing beautiful blooms. As time marched on the years took their toll. Louie's heart began to weaken. On the morning of December 14, 1966, it stopped. So, at the age of eighty-two, the fifth child of Rush and Jennie Brown was called to rest.

Louie's son, Stanley, paid this tribute to his father:

Dad had a great many very fine qualities. He was one of the kindest of men and would not purposely offend anyone. He radiated affection for his relatives and friends. Children loved him. Visitors were given a warm greeting and made to feel that the welcome mat was always out. Dad took pride in his personal appearance and was well and appropriately dressed on all occasions.

Dad was a good neighbor and accommodating to a fault. He was generous in his dealings with others, feeling that everyone should receive full value for everything due him, with a little more thrown in for good measure.

The works of nature were appreciated by Dad. On the farm he received great satisfaction from assisting nature in growing finer plants which were his commercial crops. After retirement he enjoyed keeping a neat yard with beautiful flower beds.

Dad lived a good life, never indulging in questionable habits such as smoking or drinking. He was a fine father to his two sons—my brother, Donald, and me.



DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their son, Louie*

GRANDCHILDREN

*Donald L. Brown*, born September 22, 1905, in Leavenworth, Washington. Married Delma Irene Jones June 2, 1928, in Vancouver, Washington. She was born January 15, 1911, in Fort Blakely, Washington.

*Stanley K. Brown*, born May 25, 1913, in Portland, Oregon. Married Lorraine Morris, 1940. Divorced, 1944. Married Florence Mae Pascoe, 1950. She was born August 12, 1915, in Butte, Montana. Her father was Benjamin Pascoe. Her mother's maiden name was Christiana Rowe.

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Donald and Delma Brown  
(Through Louie—Donald)

Keith Donald Brown, born September 4, 1930, in Creswell, Oregon. Married Betty Claree Huff, January 12, 1952, in San Luis Obispo, California. She was born April 14, 1933, in Oasis, Utah. Her father was Stanford C. Huff. Her mother's maiden name was Fay Hazel Johns.

Kent Louis Brown, born April 30, 1932, in Oakridge, Oregon. Married Bobby Ann Peterson, November 20, 1954, in Salem, Oregon. She was born July 9, 1935, in Ephraim, Utah. Her father was Peter A. Peterson. Her mother's maiden name was Druzella Taylor.

Bonnie Gail Brown, adopted, born April 4, 1943, in Eugene, Oregon.

Children of Stanley and Lorraine Brown  
(Through Louie—Stanley)

Kenneth Raymond Brown, born June 23, 1941, in Los Angeles, California. Married Sharon Jo Williams. She was born January 22, 1941, in Clarksburg, West Virginia.

Ronald Vernon Brown, born July 1, 1943, in Hollywood, California. Married Susan Rae Snyder. She was born September 20, 1943, in Tulsa Oklahoma. Her father was Raymond Snyder. Her mother's maiden name was Rosalie Mauler.

Children of Stanley and Florence Brown

(Through Louie—Stanley)

Susan Florence Brown, born February 12, 1954, in Los Angeles, California.

Gary Stanley Brown, born May 22, 1952, in Van Nuys, California.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Keith and Betty Brown

(Through Louie—Donald—Keith)

Debra Fay Brown, born October 7, 1952, at Pasco, Washington.

Nadine Gayle Brown, born April 27, 1954, in Oakridge, Oregon.

Tammara Claree Brown, born March 27, 1963, in Kennewick, Washington.

Children of Kent and Bobbie Brown

(Through Louie—Donald—Kent)

Steven Kent Brown, born April 28, 1956, in Norfolk, Virginia.

Roderick Alan Brown, born October 3, 1957, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Terry Ann Brown, born December 25, 1958, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Cindy Lee Brown, born February 15, 1961, in Albany, Oregon.

Children of Kenneth and Sharon Brown

(Through Louie—Stanley—Kenneth)

Kenneth Robert Brown, born October 14, 1961, in Encino, California.

Charles Louis Brown, born March 25, 1963, in Encino, California.

Brenda Jo Brown, born May 23, 1964, in Encino, California.

Daniel Evan Brown, born April 2, 1968, in Encino, California.

Children of Ronald and Susan Brown

(Through Louie—Stanley—Ronald)

Ronald Vernon Brown, Jr., born September 18, 1966, in Panorama City, California.

Michael Patrick Brown, born April 2, 1968, in Los Angeles, California.



MARIE LUCILLE BROWN PINKHAM

1888 - 1969

(Sixth child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*She asked no rewards except those which come from unceasing love and devotion to her family and friends.*

MARIE WAS BORN November 25, 1888, while the family was living at the Natchez Street address in Seattle. There were five older brothers and sisters in the family when she arrived. The oldest was Ansie who was fifteen and the youngest was Louie who was four. They welcomed the new baby sister into their midst. Kittie said, "She's as pretty as a picture." The six children and Father and Mother made eight in the home. Quite a houseful! Considering the economics of the situation, it was fortunate that Father had a good position as engineer for the Madison Street Cable Car System.

Marie spent the first five years of her life among her five brothers and sisters in Seattle. After the birth of a seventh child in 1893, the family moved to the farm in Bates County, Missouri. That was the

Brown home for the next five years. During those years Marie started and attended school in the one-room school house, which was situated about a mile down the road toward Adrian. She liked to get ready each morning and, with her older brothers and sisters, start off for those youthful activities, which are usual for the years of five, six, seven, eight and nine.

Her particular joy at home was a pet raccoon which Fred and Wilbur found in a hollow log in the woods down by the Grand River. It was less than a week old at the time. Marie was faithful in feeding it warm milk from a bottle equipped with a nipple. The raccoon grew and developed into an interesting and very amusing pet. Marie liked to see him wash his food in water before eating it.

Sad to say, at the age of three years the raccoon met an untimely death. On an exploring expedition into the barn, while trying to solve the mystery of stalls and hay-mows, he discovered and ate some fly poison. That was the end of the pet raccoon. As little girls are wont to do on such occasions, Marie wept.

After five years of experience with agriculture in Missouri, Father found he enjoyed farming. He discovered an inner satisfaction in growing bountiful crops—planting the seeds, watching them grow and reaping the harvest. However, he knew he would rather be out West with a farm, preferably in the state of Washington. So, as related elsewhere, late in the year 1899 the family was comfortably located on the farm at Manor, Clark County, Washington. The family was smaller now. There were just three children left at home—Louie, sixteen, Marie, eleven and Raymond, six.

There during the next eight years, until the farm was sold, Marie enjoyed the many wholesome, youthful experiences found in a rural community. When she was eleven a friend gave her a white kitten which was her constant delight and favorite pet. The kitten grew into a beautiful white cat which seemed to enjoy the attention bestowed upon it by Marie. All was well until tragedy struck. The cat slept in the barn. One cold night, instead of bedding down in the hay-mow, he found a nice warm spot in some straw where a cow had been lying. The cat curled up and went soundly to sleep. However, the cow decided to lie down again, not knowing there was another occupant of her bed sleeping directly beneath her. The next morning when Louie went to the barn to start milking he found the white cat in a very flattened condition, apparently having given up all nine lives at one time. Marie cried. The situation was somewhat alleviated for her when Father found a suitable box and Whitey was given a burial befitting his status.

Marie's other pet was a yellow canary. It was not only a pleasure for her, but for all of us, because there was never a canary that sang more beautifully.

One rainy day, as Marie and Raymond were returning home across the fields from a neighbors, they came upon a rabbit, which apparently was ill. At least it was stretched out in the grass as



though it might be dying. Marie said, "Oh, the poor thing. Let's take it home and see if we can make it well." The rabbit offered no resistance. On reaching home, explanations were made to Mother. Marie found a box, put some cloths in it and lifted the sick rabbit into the box. It was placed near the kitchen stove for warmth. Before going to bed that night, Marie took a look at the poor thing still in its bed in the box, seeming to be unconscious.

During the night a miracle must have happened, for in the morning when the folks got up, they found a very-much-alive rabbit dashing about looking for an exit. Marie came down stairs, delighted with the success of her nursing attempt. She opened a door, the rabbit rushed out and left for parts unknown. However, Marie began to wonder if it were all worthwhile when she was seen later with a broom and dustpan cleaning up after the overnight guest who evidently had very bad manners.

Marie enjoyed the years at Manor. She was the picture of health and the most attractive girl in all of that farming area. She learned to play the piano and accompanied singers at programs, which were given occasionally at the Oddfellows Hall. She was also asked to play the piano with Elisha Stenger and his fiddle for the dancing that began at the conclusion of a formal program. This created a problem for Marie as she was a good dancer and the young men insisted that she 'come and dance.' Minnie Cain could play chords to accompany the fiddle music so Marie had her opportunities for dancing, which she dearly loved. The waltz was popular, but it was square dancing that brought everybody onto the floor. Elisha Stenger and his fiddle were at their best with *Turkey In The Straw*, *Chicken Reel*, etc. Marie and Louie were active and enthusiastic leaders in their respective squares and, both being excellent dancers, added greatly to the success of the occasions. Marie had a good singing voice. On one of the programs she and Miss Allie Nunn, the school teacher, sang a duet, *Whispering Hope*. It was beautifully done. The audience reacted with long applause.

By 1908 Father's health was failing to such an extent that he realized he could no longer do his part in carrying on the activities of the farm. This was a great disappointment as he had enjoyed producing and marketing bumper crops. However, a change had to be made, and the farm was sold. Goodbye parties were held and Marie said farewell to her many girl friends and boy friends. Before long she and the family were on their way to Seattle. There were now at home just four in the family—Father, Mother, Marie and Raymond. Louie had married and gone to work for the Great Northern Railroad. Father did not have long to live in Seattle. His health became seriously worse and on July 18, 1909, he passed away.

In the same year Marie met George Pinkham. A genuine romance developed and flourished from the first meeting. George was the gallant type, polite and courteous, remembering all special occasions with flowers or candy. He was property man for all stage produc-

tions at the Moore Theater in Seattle. It was at this theater that all the fine plays and musicals stopped while on tour. George arranged for Marie to have a good seat for each. The courtship led to a wedding which took place in 1910 in the home at 340 West 50th Street, Seattle.

Marie, as a new bride, took pleasure in decorating and arranging all of the details that go to make a cozy and attractive apartment. She settled quickly and easily into the routine of good housekeeping and the preparation of wholesome meals. George enjoyed his work at the Moore Theater.

They were made especially happy when on August 8, 1911, their first child arrived. She was given the name of Mary Elizabeth. Marie said, "Just what we wanted, a baby girl."

Within a couple of years George obtained a lot on West 51st Street and began the important project of building a home. Eventually it was completed—and a comfortable, two-story home it was. Here they lived for many years.

It was while living in the home on West 51st Street that two more children were born—George, Jr., on May 12, 1914, and Jeannette Ida, on August 4th, 1919. These were active years for Marie and George, the years of friends and entertainment, the years of relatives, dinners and the theater, the years of caring for three children.

Some excerpts from Mother's diary are appropriate here:

Seattle. May 12, 1928. George took Marie, the children and myself to see *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. I liked the book better.

August 2, 1928. Mary, Evelyn, and I went downtown this morning to buy knick-knacks for Jeanette's birthday party. Nine girls are invited. She is nine years old. I bought bedroom slippers for her.

August 6, 1931. When we arrived at Seattle today, we were told that Marie had been at the hospital all day, since 4:00 a.m. and that Mary Elizabeth and Lloyd were the happy parents of a son named Samuel Robert Lewis.

This event made Marie a grandmother for the first time and incidentally it made our Mother, Jane E. Brown, a great-grandmother for the fourth time.

In the course of time George approached retirement age. Then the question arose as to what to do next and where to live. Should they remain in the home that they had occupied for many years—the home in which their three children had been reared? Or was this the appropriate time to make a change? As Marie and George talked of plans for the future, it became more and more apparent that their interest lay in a change to Southern California.

It was in 1949 that the decision was made to sell the Seattle home and make the move. It was not an easy change to make. Many good

friends had been made during those active years when home was on West 51st Street. There were not only friends to leave, but there were also relatives from which to be separated.

On arriving in Southern California, and after visiting relatives, a search was started for a suitable home. The home they liked best and the one they bought was located at the corner of El Molino and Sacramento Streets in Altadena. (Altadena joins Pasadena on the north.) It was an attractive five-room home, rather compact, but comfortable. Marie took pride in arranging the furniture and decorations in a pleasing manner, while George worked at improving the landscaping of the yard. In a short time they were well established Altadenans.

During those years the nationally known Pasadena Playhouse was enjoying its greatest popularity. George, who was finding time to spare, wondered if he should visit the stage manager to talk about part-time employment. He could not work full-time because of Social Security regulations. George had had years of experience as property-man and stage manager of theaters in Seattle. As the result of an interview at the Playhouse he was assured of all the employment the regulations would permit and George went back to work.

Marie was happy to be living in Southern California, not only because of the warm climate, but principally because she was close to her three brothers and a daughter. Wilbur was living in Pasadena, Louie in Fullerton, Raymond in Arcadia and her daughter, Mary, in San Diego. So Marie and George had frequent visits to and visits from relatives.

Mary and her children were visiting Marie and George in the home on El Molino Street when Marie had a stroke. It came on suddenly. She lost, temporarily, the power of speech and much of the use of her left arm. Under the doctor's treatment, in the course of a few weeks she regained control of the arm and her speech gradually improved. However, it never returned to its former fluency. For the rest of her life, if she talked at a normal speed, there would be a blockage and she would have to slow down and express herself hesitatingly. In spite of this slight handicap she always kept her same sweet, cheerful disposition.

Otherwise, Marie and George had very satisfactory years in Altadena. However, George always had a certain love for the Seattle area and often felt an inner urge to return. It may be that part of this feeling stemmed from the fact that he had a sister and a brother who had homes on Vashon Island, across the Sound from Seattle. Also, it must be remembered that Marie and George owned a small home on Vashon Island, which was usually rented, but which they could have at any time.

It took some talking on George's part to get Marie to acquiesce to the idea of going back to the north. She realized, however, that George had made up his mind and wanted to return. So in 1958 the home on El Molino Street was sold, a moving van was hired, good-



byes were said and home for Marie and George was transferred to Vashon Island.

The Island home was comfortable, though small. The summers were beautiful and the winters rainy. Eventually age began to leave its mark on both of them. George seemed to be failing more rapidly than Marie. His legs were partially paralyzed. His voice was weak. On October 26th, 1967, a letter from Marie said that George had been in the West Seattle Hospital since October 18th, that he was being fed intravenously and that he had pneumonia. Age was the deciding factor in making it impossible to overcome the disease and George failed to recover.

Marie lived on, in the Vashon Island home. Her son, George, Jr., who was somewhat incapacitated with Parkinson's Disease, came to live with her and this arrangement proved very satisfactory. By this time age was producing a frail condition in Marie. She was now, in September 1968, in her eightieth year. She was quite stooped with an uncomfortable back, but did not let this affliction prevent her from keeping the home neat and orderly. She prepared meals and George, Jr. helped with the dishes and did the shopping. Her strength was waning perceptibly and her body weakening generally. It was deemed advisable to place her in a hospital for tests and treatments. While in the Swedish Hospital in Seattle, she fell and broke her hip and left arm. This meant the beginning of the end and she seemed to sense it. Her daughter, Jeanette, took her by plane to her home near Shreveport, Louisiana. Sometime after her arrival Marie had a severe stroke which brought about her demise in February, 1969. Thus came to its conclusion a life whose love was so generously poured out on her cherished relatives.

Her daughter, Jeanette, wrote the following:

Mother was a lovely and attractive girl, as shown by a picture taken in her youthful years. Her nature was usually winsome and optimistic, though during her life there were occasional events which must have produced an internal saddening effect. It was never shown outwardly, however. Her disposition and manner were always those of softness, kindness and tenderness.

The arts were given a conspicuous prominence in our home. Father did very well with oil painting. Mother played the piano. Among us three children, Mary Elizabeth had violin lessons, George cello lessons, and I, voice training.

There were also recreation, fun and good things to eat in our home. Mother made tasty Lady Baltimore cakes and Pineapple Upsidedown cakes, too. What delicious treats they were. It is easy to recall in memory the wonderful roast-beef dinners and the complimentary comments of guests.

Mother always had a delightful fragrance about her and thoroughly enjoyed perfumes and cosmetics. They were her first request if offered a choice of luxuries. During the depression



years, however, drastic economy was required when only a "good dress" or two and one "good coat" were the rule and not the exception. Mother denied herself what would ordinarily be necessary items in order to keep us children neatly and warmly clothed.

By 1968 we were all saddened by seeing that age was showing its effect on Mother. She was very frail. The death of her husband, George, the year previous, had a depressing effect on her. While in a nursing home she fell, breaking her hip and an arm. Later, when able to walk a few steps, she was brought to our home at Barksdale AFB in Louisiana. It was thought she could improve by staying with us. A week after arrival a major stroke completely paralyzed her. She no longer could speak. She was placed in a nursing home where everything possible could be done. She, however, as well as all of us, realized the end was near and it mercifully came. She now lies beside her husband on Vashon Island, near Seattle.

#### DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their daughter, Marie  
and her husband, George W. Pinkham*

##### GRANDCHILDREN

*Mary Elizabeth Pinkham*, born August 18, 1911, in Seattle, Washington. Married Sam Lloyd Lewis, 1929. He was born in Waco, Texas, December 24, 1907, and died in Seattle, September 23, 1962.

*George Albert Pinkham*, born February 2, 1914, in Seattle. Married Tottie Stephenson, 1938. He died September 9, 1970.

*Jeanette Ida Pinkham*, born August 4, 1914, in Seattle. Married Maurice Currie Pepin, March 5, 1942, in Seattle. He was born April 4, 1917, in Bottineau, North Dakota. His father was George Joseph Pepin, born January 12, 1881. His mother's maiden name was Viola Marcella Nero, born December 22, 1955, in Denver, Colorado.

##### GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

The son of Mary Elizabeth and Sam Lloyd Lewis  
(Through Marie—Mary Elizabeth)

Sam Robert Lewis, born August 6, 1931, in Seattle. Married Jessie Stark, June 10, 1954. She born September 19, 1934, in Hutchinson, Kansas. Her father's name was Stephen Pierce Stark. Her mother's maiden name was Elsie Fountain.

The children of Mary Elizabeth and Barrent Vrooman (Mary Elizabeth's second husband)

(Through Marie—Mary Elizabeth)

Tom Vrooman, born 1944 in Redondo Beach, California. Died an accidental death, 1965, in Nevada.

Ronald Vrooman, born 1946, in Los Angeles. Married Ann Jeffries, 1965.

Nicholas Vrooman, born 1948, in San Diego, California. He was killed in action in the Vietnam War, May 24, 1970.

The children of George Albert and Tottie Pinkham

(Through Marie—George Albert)

Todd Pinkham, born 1938, in Seattle.

Rodd Pinkham, born 1940, in Seattle. He was killed in an automobile accident, 1964.

The children of Jeanette and Maurice Currie Pepin

(Through Marie—Jeanette)

Maury Barlow Pepin, born November 17, 1949, in Pasadena, California.

Elizabeth Jane Pepin, born April 28, 1952, in Washington, D.C.

Kathryn Amy Pepin, born December 22, 1955, in Denver, Colorado.

#### GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

The children of Sam Robert and Jessie Lewis

(Through Marie—Mary Elizabeth—Sam Robert Lewis)

David Neal Lewis, born August 29, 1957.

Marcia Lynn Lewis, born April 6, 1959.

Brad Lee Lewis, born January 18, 1961.

The daughter of Ronald and Ann Vrooman

(Through Marie—Mary Elizabeth—Ronald Vrooman)

Mary Odessa Vrooman



RAYMOND RAINIER BROWN

1893

(Seventh child of Rush S. and Jane E. Brown)

*God's in His heaven — All's right with the world.*  
—Browning

I WAS THE LAST of the seven children of Rush and Jennie (Jane) Brown. I recall that after reaching middle age I wrote to Mother on one of my birthdays, saying, "How glad I am that you decided to have *seven* children and did not stop with six. It has been good to have the experience of life on this planet. Even though the time allotted to us here is short, I would not wish to miss it." So thanks be to Mother and Father that there were *seven* of us children and not just six!

I was born June 5, 1893, in the home on Natchez Street in Seattle. Mother afterward related: "It was a beautiful June morning and as I looked out the window I could see Mt. Rainier, rising clearly and majestically above the Cascade Mountains. I thought right then,

"We'll give the baby a middle name of Rainier." The first name, Raymond, was given in honor of the dominant figure on the American stage at the time, an actor by the name of John T. Raymond.

When I was three months old the family left Seattle and began life on the farm at Adrian, Missouri. There were eight in the family—



RAYMOND  
at age four years eleven months

Father, Mother and six of us children, ranging in age from Wilbur down to me. During those years Father became convinced that he would rather live out West again, and preferably in the state of Washington. So early in 1899 the farm was sold and the move was made to the farm at Manor in Clark County, Washington. There were only three of us children in the home by then, as Wilbur, Fred and Kittie had stayed in Missouri. Kittie had married. Wilbur and Fred, who were now young men, had good positions with well-known companies and wished to remain with them.

The years from 1900 to 1908, from the time I was six until I was fifteen, were happy ones for me. The farm at Manor was a good place for a boy of that age. Each year was filled with adventures.

School was an adventure. The first two years Marie and I went to the one-room school which was a quarter of a mile walk up the road. Father was one of the three elected school trustees and was the leader in the movement which brought about the construction of a fine new two-room building. It was in the so-called 'upper room,' in grades five, six, seven and eight, that I won many mental skirmishes



with textbooks and maps. Each school subject had its interests for a boy. I liked arithmetic, spelling, geography, reading and all the other subjects. The last hour of each Friday afternoon was given over to a spelling bee or a contest of a similar nature. After one of these occasions I went home thrilled with a feeling of elation to tell Mother that I had won an arithmetic contest involving all of the pupils in the room. (Two of us at a time were sent to the blackboard. The teacher read a problem which we wrote on the blackboard and at the command of 'go' we proceeded to do the multiplying or dividing or whatever process was necessary). So the school had its satisfactions for a boy.

There were daily chores and other work to be done on the farm. Louie was a big help to Father until he married and went to work for the Great Northern Railroad. After he left, Father kept a hired man. Naturally, more chores fell to me. There were always twenty to thirty Jersey cows to be brought in from the fields for milking each morning and evening. The milk was put through the cream separator. The pigs had to be fed; so did the horses, cows, calves and chickens. During the summer the hay had to be cut, the grain harvested, the corn cultivated and later cut into ensilage and blown into the silo. There were the fall apples to be picked and stored away for winter. These were just a few of the constantly occurring tasks on our typical farm.

My first job for pay was waterboy for a group of road workers who were rebuilding the dirt road which passed along our farm. The pay was fifty cents per day. The twenty days the work lasted produced ten dollars, which seemed like a small fortune to an eight year old boy. The next job was planting corn by hand on a neighboring farm. This paid ten cents an hour, but only for a few days. How thrilling it was to earn money!

I was ten years old when a minor accident happened. Mother told about it in a letter written to my sister Kittie:

Dear Kit, I think I did not tell you how Raymond cut his wrist. He and Allie Higdon and George Anderson were teasing Ben Bennett (the clerk at the store) and he jokingly told some of the large boys to 'put them out,' which they did. Raymond turned as they were closing the door (which has panes of glass in it) and put up his hand to prevent its closing. His hand struck through the glass and the jagged edges cut his wrist dreadfully. One of the tendons was severed. He came on home with a handkerchief tied around it (Mrs. Higdon tied it) and we took him to town. The doctor gave him chloroform and sewed the ends of the tendon together with two stitches and took eight more stitches in the skin around it. It has healed nicely and will soon be strong.

In spite of all the work to be done by a boy on a farm, there was

time for recreation. Mother showed me how to make kites. Father helped me make a small windmill. How it would whirl when a brisk wind blew! There were games with neighboring boys such as ante-over and one-old cat. At the age of fourteen we formed a baseball team. On rainy Sunday afternoons, when other youngsters came to our house, Marie and I would entertain them by getting out the game of 'Authors' or 'Flinch' in which we all could join. On warm summer days we would find time to walk to the swimming hole at Salmon Creek. We had a docile young steer that didn't seem to mind pulling us around the barnyard in a little red wagon. The winters at Manor were long and rainy, which gave time for reading. I lived for hours in the books by Horatio Alger. I idealized the boy in his stories who, in spite of hardships and struggles and, by being honest and industrious, rose to be a successful and wealthy man. The magazine, *American Boy*, was awaited eagerly each month.

There was a wholesome atmosphere about and within the farm home at Manor. Mother and Father gave us the very best of guidance in molding our thinking and actions along good paths. Sunday-school was an important event of the week. Somewhere in those early years I added to the nightly prayer, "May I be polite, courteous, obliging, thoughtful, considerate and respectful of others."

Among my souvenirs is a copy of the Eighth Grade Commencement Exercises of the Manor School. It is dated May 18, 1907. The exercises were held in the Oddfellows Hall. The program included "Deathbed of Benedict Arnold," recited by Marie Brown, and "Class Poem," written and recited by Raymond Brown. Mother helped with the writing of the poem. Some of the verses that come to mind are the following:

Aim at the stars, our motto is;  
A truly lofty aim.  
But we expect to do great things  
And get our share of fame.

Perhaps you think we've aimed so high  
That we can nothing reach;  
We'll do the best that *can be done*  
In *deed* as well as *speech*.

Now when we part and on life's stream  
We launch our boats so strong,  
We'll pull the oars and work ahead  
To the port where we belong.

For some time Father's health had been a problem. By 1908 he realized he must give up farm work and retire. The farm was sold and those good years at Manor came to an end. It was with regret that we said goodbye to familiar boyhood scenes. Change seems to be the way of life.

We moved to Seattle where, in 1909, Father passed away. Mother was left with Marie and me. Then in 1910 Marie fell in love with George Pinkham and was married.

During the school year, 1909-1910, I attended Lincoln High School in Seattle. In the fall of 1910 I transferred to the new Queen Anne High School, graduating in June, 1912. Those high school days were gratifying. They were good days, filled with many activities. Always there were the challenges of subjects to be studied and grades to be earned. There were opportunities to take part in student-body affairs. I was Junior Class treasurer, chairman of the Junior Prom and business manager of the school magazine, *Kuay*. I was a member of the debate team which won most of its contests in the City Interscholastic Debate League. One of the topics that comes to mind was, 'Resolved: That the City of Seattle Should Own and Operate Its Streetcar Lines.' We were assigned the affirmative and won. There were parties, dances and dates. In August of 1911 the Seattle Y.M.C.A. sponsored a tour to Mt. Rainier for twelve of us boys. The tour included a hike from Paradise Valley to the top of the mountain. This took energy and stamina, but it was a thrill to conquer the mountain for which I was named.

Schooling was continued in Southern California. Mother and I were invited to live with her sister, Mary, and Mary's husband, Everett Parker, in Orange. Everett and Aunt Mary owned an orange and a walnut grove. For a year and a half I attended the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School and Junior College. Another interest developed, namely, baseball. An item from the school paper, *The Poly Optimist*, of March 31, 1914, read, "Postgraduate team meets Harvard Military School. Poly stars were Fred Strong, Frank Levet and catcher, Raymond Brown. Brown collected two timely hits." Under date of May 12, 1914, appears the following: "Post-Grads win two games. Cross and Brown were the batteries for Poly. The feature of the game was the hitting of Levet, Cross and Brown."

All weekends and summer vacations were spent at Aunt Mary's and Uncle Everett's. There was always much work to do on the orange and walnut ranches and they appreciated help with it.

It was decided that the next step in education should be attendance at the University of California at Berkeley. Encouragement was given to the idea by Mother and by Mr. Dunn, principal of Polytechnic High School. The following is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Dunn:

Los Angeles, June 26, 1914

Mr. David P. Barrows  
University of California  
Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. Barrows:

This will introduce to you Mr. Raymond Brown, a student



of the Polytechnic High School, who expects to enter the University of California in August. Mr. Brown is expecting to put himself through the University and is anxious to get work of some kind that will enable him to pay his expenses. Any help you can give him in that direction will be appreciated.

I can highly recommend him as a young man of excellent character, thoroughly reliable and earnest. He has done excellent work in the high school and was a student on whom we depended for anything that it was possible for him to do in connection with student activities.

Thanking you for anything you may be able to do for him, I am

Yours very truly,  
W. A. Dunn

There was plenty of work to be found at Berkeley. The first year I could be seen each morning in the window of The Quality Inn, dressed in a white coat and apron, baking hotcakes. The hours of work, from 6:30 to 8:00 a.m., freed the rest of the day for studies. The second year found me as a buss-boy at the Cozy Cafeteria. During the third and fourth years I was business manager in the fraternity house of which I was a member. Incidentally, Jimmy Doolittle, who later became the noted flyer, was a room mate.

For the first two years at Berkeley my courses were in the field of electrical-engineering. Then a minor experience changed the course of my life. The Y.M.C.A. asked if I would like to teach two nights a week in a school for Chinese pupils in San Francisco's Chinatown. The offer was accepted and found to be so satisfying to an inner urge to work with people instead of electrical machines, that my college major was changed. During the last two years of college I took courses in education which led to a Bachelor of Arts Degree in June, 1918.

Throughout those years at the University continuous inspiration was received by letters from Mother. Here are excerpts which are typical:

I am most gratified to hear that you are progressing well in your subjects, because on those you will depend for your future livelihood, and Raymond, you must test yourself by going over to yourself, previous lessons, to see how much you are retaining. The knowledge you are now acquiring you will later have to impart to others, so you see the need of being *thorough*.

Your letter made me happy because you were so happy. Moods are contagious and we are affected by the moods of others.

I hope you are studying with a will these days and that you have mastered the art of concentration and have learned *how*



to study. Public Speaking ought to be helpful to you. I'm glad you're taking it. I hope they drill the class in being deliberate and in making *every* word distinctly heard.

Truly, Mother was a remarkable person. What a blessing for us seven children that she had such a keen mind, and such a dear, kindly personality.

In 1917 all young men were thinking about the war situation. World War I was at its height. Should one wait and be drafted or should he enlist? In December I enlisted in the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army and was sent to Jacksonville, Florida, for training. In a short time I was transferred to an Officers' Training School. The course was completed in three months, and I was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Q.M.C., and assigned to the Quartermaster Depot in Chicago.

At the time of graduation from Officers' Training School a note was received from Wilbur. It is inserted here because it illustrates how, in our family, there runs a spirit of love and thoughtfulness in times of special events.

Dear Brother, Your success has been remarkable and most commendable. Diligence, perseverance and a keen mind have carried you to the top and I know the result is truly satisfactory to you. Success in any field is like a golf game — no matter how well a man does, he feels he should do better — a priceless virtue.

Love and good wishes  
Wilbur

Just before enlisting in November, 1917, and while a senior at Berkeley, I married Berenice Browning in San Francisco. While living in Chicago, assigned to duty with the Quartermaster Corps, our daughter, Raynice, was born on May 16, 1919. She was a beautiful baby and a joy to have.

As soon as the war was over I asked for and received a discharge from the service. That was August, 1919. Then in September, one month later, I started a long career in the field of education. The first position was teacher of chemistry and physics in Olympia High School, Olympia, Washington. After two years I longed to return to California. I applied for and obtained a position teaching in Claremont High School, just east of Los Angeles. Teaching in both high schools was thoroughly enjoyable.

In September, 1923, I cast my lot with the Los Angeles City High School System and stayed with it until retirement in June, 1958 — a total of thirty-five years. During that time I taught at Polytechnic, Fremont, Garfield and Southgate High Schools. The last eleven years, as the result of a competitive examination, were

spent as supervisor. This entailed working with the administrators, teachers, and, less directly, with boys and girls in the forty senior high schools which at that time comprised the Los Angeles City High School District.

Many events occurred during those thirty-five years of active



RAYNICE  
at time of graduation from UCLA

living. Only a few will be mentioned. I saw Raynice develop into a very attractive young lady. After finishing high school she enrolled in UCLA where she graduated with honors. At the age of twenty-three she married Edwin Lasher, a capable and successful business man. In the course of time three children were born and their family was complete.

Then the unforeseen made an appearance. Raynice was found to have cancer. Through several operations she carried on bravely but the end came on February 13, 1965, at the age of 46. The saddest experience of my years was to see this beautiful life slip away. I'll always remember her cheerful, "Goodbye, Daddy," as I left her bedside on the last visit to her just two days before she died.

Among my treasured souvenirs is this letter:

Dear Daddy, Your painting, which adds so much beauty to our living room, is much admired by all who see it. I can't really express exactly how pleased I am to have it, but anyway

here is a great big "thank you" again in writing. I shall always cherish it very dearly.

All through the years, you have done so many nice things for me, Daddy, and I remember them all with warm gratitude — all the big and little helps and loving gifts that counted so much: the checking account you opened for me when I was twenty-one, the little savings account you started in Claremont, and the time I wanted to go on the camping trip to Yosemite with my sorority sisters and the lovely suitcase you gave me for my high school graduation, which I still have — these, to recall just a few.

You're a kind, wonderful Dad, and I think you should know it! I know I've mentioned that many times, though perhaps not in the exact words, but I wanted to tell you especially so tonight on paper, instead of just thinking it.

And so — with so much love and appreciation always for my Dad.

Raynice

At times, down through the years, it takes just such a note to make one realize that loved ones are a precious possession and can make life's highway a more worthwhile experience.

While teaching at South Gate High School it became apparent that to advance in the education profession it was necessary to acquire a master's degree. Consequently, by attendance at Summer Sessions at USC, I completed the required courses, wrote a thesis and was awarded a Masters Degree in education.

In 1926, while I was head of the Science Department at Fremont High School and living in Los Angeles, Ruth Tyler and I were married. She was supervisor of physical education in the elementary schools of Huntington Park, California. On January 23, 1938, a daughter was born and given the name of Janeen Ruth. She was a pretty baby. It was good to watch her progress from a small girl to a young lady. After high school she attended college, the first two years of which were spent in Church College in Hawaii. This is a fine educational institution owned by the Mormon Church. Janeen was a capable participant in its activities. After two years she transferred to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, where she stayed until accepting a position as secretary at the Mormon Tabernacle in West Los Angeles.

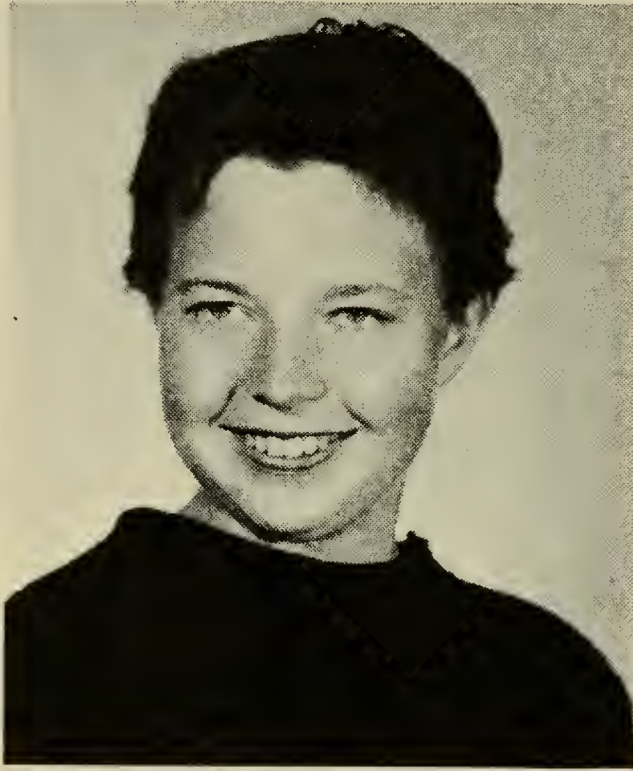
In 1966 Janeen and John Baloyot were married. He was a young man she met while attending Church College. John is ambitious and doing well in his position with Hawaiian Airlines in Honolulu. They have two fine children, a boy and a girl. Their home is in Kailua, across the island from Honolulu.

In 1934, while I was at Garfield High School teaching U.S. history and U.S. government, a group of fellow teachers at a convention



nominated me for president of the Southern California Social Science Association. I was elected and for more than a year carried on the presidential duties of that active organization of social studies teachers.

Community activities seemed important during the years 1933-40. At one time the work of the Toastmasters' Club engrossed my interest, and I found myself president of the Whittier Toast-



JANEEN

at time of graduation from Church College, Hawaii

masters' Club. At another time, having found oil painting to be a consuming interest, I became president of the Whittier Art Association.

It was while teaching at South Gate High School in the late 1940's that an opportunity developed for advancement. An examination was announced for a supervisory position in the downtown office of the Board of Education. I took the examination along with others and as a result was selected for the position. For the next eleven years, until retirement, I was a supervisor in the Senior High School area.

In July, 1949, Dorothy Adams Hawkins and I were married. She was also with the Los Angeles School System, first as a teacher, then a music supervisor, and finally, an elementary school principal. She was born June 21, 1907, in Hollywood, California. Her father's name was Don Leon Adams. He was born December 19, 1878, in Kansas City, Kansas. Her mother's maiden name was



Grace Woodward. She was born January 14, 1879, in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

I retired in 1958, and Dorothy, in 1967. Since then we have lived in Laguna Hills, California, in Leisure World. However, it has everything but leisure, as we find ourselves as active as ever — she, as the president of a womens' club with seven-hundred members and pianist with a chamber music group, and I, with golf and oil painting.

So life's stream flows ever onward, not with a rushing of rapids that was once a characteristic, but more slowly now, and deeper, as if conscious of a greater understanding of the purpose of all existence.

#### DESCENDANTS OF RUSH S. AND JANE E. BROWN

*Through their son, Raymond Rainier Brown*

##### GRANDCHILDREN

*Raynice Margaret Brown*, born May 16, 1919, in Chicago, Illinois. Married Edwin Lasher, October 10, 1942. He was born November 10, 1918, in San Bernardino, California. His father was Ramsdell Lasher, born October 28, 1890, in Highland Park, Illinois. His mother's maiden name was Ruth Alene Bowen, born February 28, 1894, in Ft. Madison, Iowa. Raynice died February 13, 1965, in Pacific Palisades, California. The maiden name of Raynice's mother was Berenice Browning, born April 1, 1897, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her father's name was Frank Browning. Her mother's maiden name was Belle Brandon.

*Janeen Ruth Brown*, born January 23, 1938, in Whittier, California. Married John Baloyot, 1966. He was born October 12, 1939, in Honolulu, Hawaii. His father's name was Oseas Baloyot. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Takahashi. The maiden name of Janeen's mother was Ruth Tyler, born August 30, 1900, in Decorah, Iowa. Her father's name was Richard F. Tyler. Her mother's maiden name was Martha Ann McKay.

##### GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

Children of Raynice and Edwin Lasher.

(Through Raymond-Raynice)

Jeffrey Lasher, born May 18, 1946, in Los Angeles. Married Louisa Francis, 1970, in Denver, Colorado. Her father's name was Gus Francis.

Leslie Lasher, born January 25, 1949, in Los Angeles.

Suzanne Lasher, born May 28, 1955, in Mexico City, D.F.

Children of Janeen and John Baloyot.

(Through Raymond — Janeen)

John Baloyot, Jr., born September 17, 1968, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Jacqueline Baloyot, born March 18, 1970, in Kailua, Hawaii.

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